

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

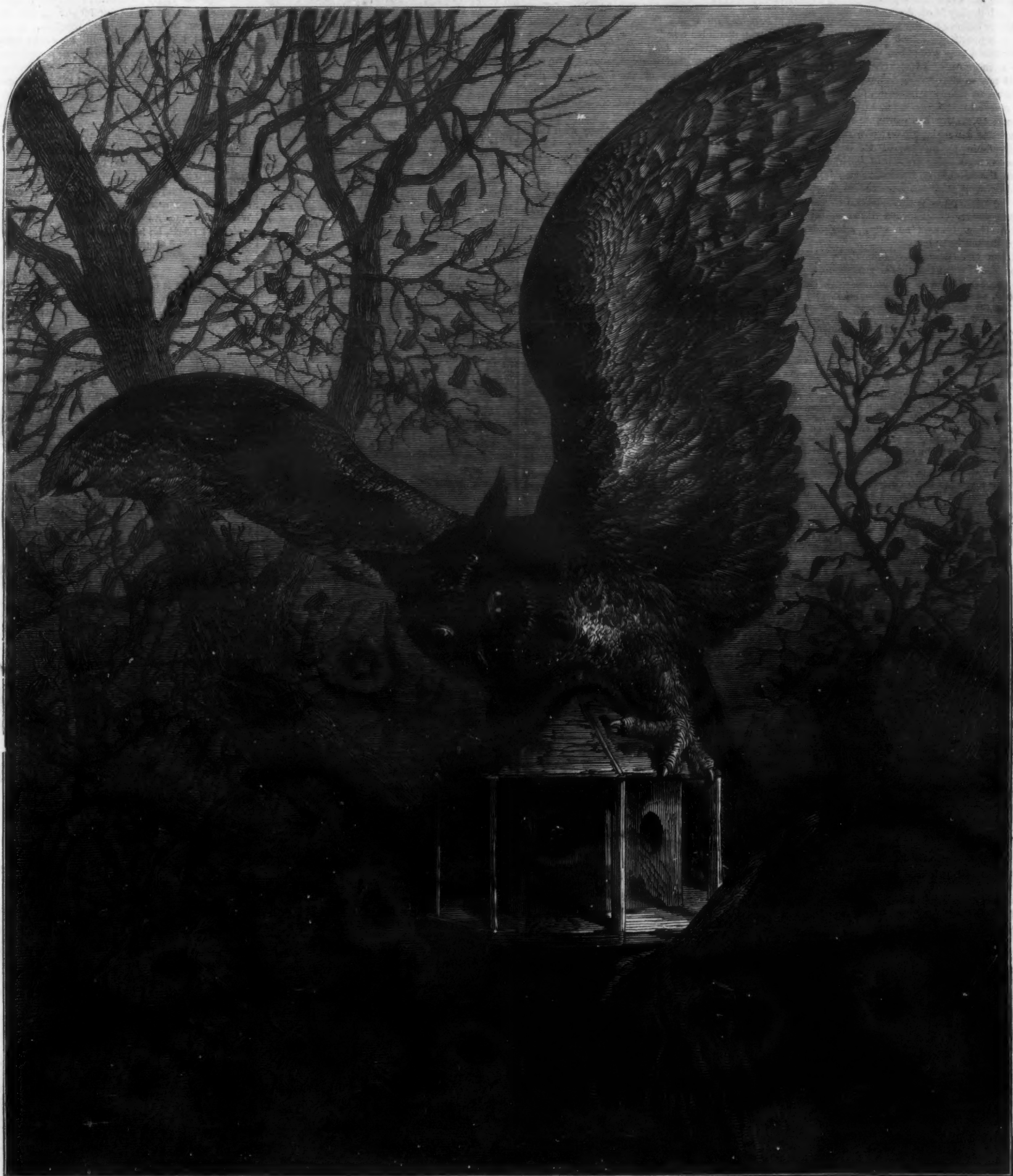


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NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1871.

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ONE OF OUR NIGHT-PROWLERS: THE NEW YORK BLOODSUCKER AND THE LITTLE ENGLISH IMMIGRANT.—SEE PAGE 327.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 537 Pearl Street, New York:
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1871.

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DIVORCE THE ALLY OF VIRTUE.

AN American gentleman named Conway resides in London, where, we infer from his *ex cathedra* manner of treating all things American, and from his constant appearance in print, he imagines himself the "chosen vessel" for "running" the United States. He appears now in the highly original character of defender of what most people regard as the "fatal facility" of divorce in Indiana. He puts its defense on the high ground that there is less prostitution and domestic cruelty in that State than any other, where the marriage tie is more difficult to sever. In other words, that any woman having taken a fancy to some other man than her husband, does not require to resort to assignations and other dark expedients to gratify her passions or fancies, because she can make the way easy and perfectly respectable by an appeal to the law. Of course none but inveterate burglars would take the trouble of breaking open houses at midnight, if they were permitted to walk in by daylight and help themselves to what they might desire. Burglary deeds would probably then become as rare, relatively, as prostitution in Indiana.

Upon Mr. Conway's statement the editor of the *Medical Gazette* of this city observes:

"Although foreign to the purpose of a medical journal, we cannot refrain from saying a word concerning the mischievous social theory which encourages facility of divorce. On *a priori* grounds we, too, might be led to look for less prostitution where marriage may be dissolved at will; but it would be only because under such a system marriage is apt to become prostitution under another name. Where public opinion condemns what it is pleased to call 'immorality,' but at the same time sanctions divorce for mere 'incompatibility,' matrimony may easily come to be regarded as little more than a convenient and 'respectable' succedaneum for fornication. Instead of weighing the estimable qualities of a 'partner for life,' a man may safely yield to mere physical lust, and marry the object of his passing desire, regardless of her mental or normal attributes, simply to obtain possession of her person, knowing that when sensual gratification palls he can readily terminate the legalized concubinage which has served his purpose and become irksome. The incalculable injury inflicted upon children in depriving them of either parent, or in forcing them to side with either party in a disgraceful public scandal, is too obvious to need comment, but too often overlooked by those who advocate facile divorce laws, which, in their practical working, simply offer a premium for imprudent or unprincipled marriages, and remove all inducements to self-control."

A NEW FEATURE IN OUR INDIAN RELATIONS.

A PROJECT, started more than a quarter-century ago by one of our friends, for improving the condition of the Indians, has at last found favor with the Red Men as well as among the Whites. The "Indian State Project" then met more approbation among outsiders than it did within the borders of the "Indian Territory"—as a portion of the region between Kansas and Texas is somewhat vaguely styled—where the Cherokees, Choctaws, and several other tribes, were located after removal from their former hunting-grounds eastward of the Mississippi. Some of the influential Indians, who then thought that jealousies between the tribes forbade the hope of harmonious confederation among their brethren, have lived long enough to aid in consummating the project which they formerly considered impracticable.

The experience in self-government among the Cherokees and Choctaws, the principal tribes in that region, may well encourage belief that their example and influence will prove effective now in securing harmonious co-operation, not only between themselves, but also among the other tribes in the region above-mentioned—and will have, besides, strong effect in encouraging similar union among tribes in another locality suitable for a second "Indian Territory" and prospective State.

The Convention lately held at Ockmulgee indicated very favorably for success in the movement now vigorously begun. The proceedings of the Red Men, in this as in Indian councils generally, were marked by a degree of propriety not always manifested in assemblages of the pale faces. The preliminary steps for a territorial organization, with a view to ultimate development as a State in the Union, will doubtless be approved when submitted to the popular vote among the tribes, a few months hence. The proposed organization, like that by which

the Cherokee and Choctaw tribes have for many years governed themselves, fully harmonizes with our republican models of government.

People who have noted the course of the Choctaws and Cherokees, need not be told that their government has been administered as quietly as that of any of our new Territories or States. Both tribes have had, and now have, prominent men, who would do no discredit to any public councils or parliamentary bodies. The names of several Cherokees, active during the last forty years, will at once suggest themselves in this connection; and though the Choctaws are less known, one such man as Major Pitchlyn is enough to indicate that intelligence and character are fairly appreciated by the tribe which has so long been influenced by his strong sense and reforming spirit. A friend, familiar with him long ago, mentions some traits of his character justifying the confidence which his Choctaw brethren repose in him, and illustrating the means whereby he struggled to render them intelligent and prosperous.

Any one who doubts the capacity of these two leading tribes to maintain a respectable position under our Territorial or State forms of administration, may have those doubts removed by familiarizing themselves with the successful operation of their respective governments for the last quarter-century. Other tribes must have improved considerably, or the Choctaws and Cherokees would not be likely now to fraternize so cordially with them in the proposed new organization.

The movement is, in several respects, one of the most interesting features of the time, and will be memorable for its influence toward abolishing the anomalous relations that have too long existed between the White and Red races under our Government.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

"HOW NOT TO DO IT."

PART I.

In the year 1805 the population of the city of New York was seventy-five thousand, which is about five per cent. more than the present population of Albany. De Witt Clinton was then the Mayor of New York. On the 9th day of April, in that year, through the exertions and influence of De Witt Clinton, John Murray, Jr., Leonard Bleecker, Lindley Murray, Samuel L. Mitchell, and others, the Legislature of the State passed an act of incorporation of a Society "for establishing a free school in the city of New York, for the education of such poor children as do not belong to, or are not provided for by, any religious society." On the 17th of May, 1806, the first public school was organized in a small room in the old Mission House in Banker street (now Madison street), near Pearl street. Sixty-seven pupils presented themselves, and were instructed by a single teacher, in accordance with the Lancasterian system—then, and for many years afterward, regarded with high favor by the friends of popular education.

In 1808 the name of the Society was changed to the "Free School of the City of New York," and in 1809 the first schoolhouse was erected, on the corner of Chatham street and Tryon Row—a site presented by the city corporation. The new building was opened by public exercises and an address by De Witt Clinton, President of the Society, in December, 1809. That building has long since given way to the spirit of public improvement.

From that humble beginning the work of elementary public instruction continued to increase, under the auspices of the Society, until the spring of 1842, when an independent class of public and free schools, known as ward schools, was organized and placed in charge of a Board of Education, consisting of two commissioners from each ward, and local boards of trustees elected by the people of the respective wards. In 1853 these separate systems were consolidated by legislative enactment.

The difference in the number of scholars in 1853 and in 1869 is shown in the following table:

	1869.		1853.	
	Whole No. Pupils.	Average Attendance.	Whole No. Pupils.	Average Attendance.
Boys' Grammar School.	31,745	16,803
Girls' Grammar School.	28,476	13,657	94,707	32,784
Primary Department.	90,722	38,441
Primary Schools.	45,153	17,261	21,930	7,358
Colored Schools.	1,990	795	2,422	918
Evening Schools.	19,537	8,589
Corporate Schools.	18,752	6,900	4,471	9,720
Normal Schools.	950	544
Total.	237,325	102,970	123,530	43,740

In 1853 the number of teachers for all these schools was less than one thousand; in 1869 the number was twenty-four hundred. In 1853 the total expense of maintaining the schools was five hundred and fourteen thousand dollars; in 1869 it was about three millions of dollars; so that, while the cost of each pupil in 1853, calculating it on the average attendance,

was fourteen dollars; in 1869, on the same basis of calculation, it was thirty dollars—the reason for which increased expense is, probably, as is the increased price of chestnuts, the premium on gold.

The buildings now occupied by these schools are ninety-eight in number, of which thirteen are leased and eighty-five are owned by the Department. The total cost of the eighty-five is two millions six hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, or an average of over thirty thousand dollars each. Three of them—namely, No. 26, in Thirtieth street, near the Sixth avenue, No. 51, in One Hundred and Fifteenth street, near the Third avenue, and No. 58, in Fifty-second street, near the Eighth avenue—cost more than one hundred thousand dollars each.

These various figures and amounts go to show that the New York Board of Education do what may be called "a large stroke of business;" and the tax-payers of the city have a right to ask that it shall be well done. For, an investment of nearly three millions of dollars in school-buildings, which amount is every year increased; and an annual expense for maintaining them of three millions, which is every year likely to increase, and which, this year, is more than one-eighth of the entire tax list for city and county, the whole tax being twenty-three millions and a half—this, and all this, may be called a serious matter.

It seems that in 1869 the whole number of scholars taught was nearly two hundred and forty thousand, and that the whole number of teachers was twenty-four hundred. That would give an average of one hundred scholars to each teacher; but, as the average attendance of scholars was less than half the whole number taught, it is presumable that each teacher had on his or her hands not more than fifty scholars at one time. The school-hours being from nine to three, with a recess from twelve to one, there are five hours to be devoted to the fifty scholars, which gives an average of six minutes to each scholar; supposing that, for any purpose, each scholar needed, or wanted, any special attention to his or her particular case. If, for instance, the business in hand, on any day, was writing—learning to write—penmanship, six minutes to each would not be too much, nor very much; and so, of some other things. In short, that proportion of teachers to scholars is simply absurd. A certain amount of merely physical drill may be accomplished with that proportion; but practical and real teaching in spelling, penmanship, arithmetic, geography, etc., is absolutely impossible. The individual scholar cannot be watched, guided, prompted—in a word, instructed—in detail, simply because the teacher cannot make the sun stand still, nor subdivide himself into a dozen or two of monitors.

The subject of corporal punishment in any school—public or private—is one on which much might be said; but it cannot be discussed at length here. Superintendent Randall, in his last Report to the Board of Education, says, "In twenty-three of the forty-eight Male Departments, no corporal punishment has been inflicted in the past year." He does not say by whose authority it has been abolished in twenty-three and retained in twenty-five Departments. He remarks, however, that "there is a period in early childhood, before the development of the intellectual and moral faculties, when corporal punishment may be necessary and even beneficial. But when a child is of sufficient age to be separated from his parents and to participate in the instructions of our public schools, both of those faculties are capable of cultivation, and should alone be appealed to. The infliction of physical punishment, in any case, is brutalizing, degrading to the child; necessarily and instinctively calling into exercise the worst passions of his nature; necessarily cultivating a spirit of vindictiveness and revenge, or at least of moroseness or sullen obstinacy, and not unfrequently producing corresponding feelings on the part of the teacher." That is well said, and "enough said." The custom should at once be abolished from all the schools; and thereafter, if any teacher, male or female, should transgress the rule, the offender should be held personally responsible where and whenever the father or brother of the wronged child can meet with him or her.

These general remarks may lead the reader to infer that the acquisition of useful knowledge by the great majority of pupils in the New York public schools is a matter "past praying for." Some of the boys and girls undoubtedly weather the storm, as the papposes of the Indian mothers survive exposure to the weather when they are strapped to a board and set up against a tree; but the proportion of the survivors is small in comparison to the "Whole Number Taught." Now, why should schools, which are sustained at such a fabulous expense by the tax-payers of New York, be so regulated that it is, substantially, a matter of mere chance whether or not any particular scholar can gain an "education" in them?

The obstacles to such an "education" are

two-fold, and each "fold" is made up of many items. Practically, two systems are pursued—the homeopathic and the allopathic. Take one instance in illustration of the former. An unusually intelligent boy ten years of age entered one of the up-town grammar schools, in grade No. 6. His teacher was a young woman, and the number of scholars in the class ranged from forty-five to sixty-five. She was the only teacher. The boy remained in the school about two months, when his parents took him away. The entire amount of "education" offered to him was first a few pages in geography, repeated over and over until he knew, or might have known, the name of every kind of fish to be found in every river within ever so many square miles of United States territory. Secondly, spelling and definitions, comprising a limited range of words, repeated and repeated until, as in geography, the boy lost all interest in the matter. Thirdly, arithmetic, taught orally with the black-board; which, again, was repeated *ad nauseam*; and the teacher's instruction was uttered so rapidly that she failed generally to make herself understood, and forced the boys to scratch off their figures so rapidly that they were nearly illegible. And fourth and lastly, penmanship, in which but four lessons were given during the whole time the boy was at the school, and the instruction was very carelessly imparted, and the boy made no progress whatever. In short, after two months of "education," the boy came away as wise as he went.

The style of discipline and punishment in this school may, perhaps, be judged of by the custom of the teacher thus far referred to.

A boy "missed" in his geography. He was ordered to "stay in" over the recess, from twelve to one o'clock, and study the lesson. While studying he began to eat his lunch, which, as usual, he had taken to school. The teacher stepped up to him and told him to hand her his lunch. He hesitated, and she struck him with a ratan. She then took the lunch from him and threw it out of the window. This was "education."

One afternoon, when the few lessons of the day were finished, the teacher set the scholars to "keep order"; that is, each boy was told to sit upright on his seat, fold his hands behind him, and look steadily in one direction. The teacher amused herself with a book, and a boy from one of the upper classes was stationed in the room to watch the boys. If any boy moved, in any way, or turned his eyes from the designated point, he would be kept in after the school was dismissed. The absurdity, to say nothing of the inhumanity of such a task, is simply monstrous. As if any improvement were to be gained by such a scandalous order! Several boys "broke down," of course; for the task was beyond their powers. One little transgressor was ordered at once to sit on the floor, and keep his eyes on his book. The conspicuousness of the position rendered obedience to the latter part of the mandate almost impossible, and when once his eye wandered off, the conscientious teacher cut him over the back with the ratan, by way of "education."

On the occasion of one of the four writing lessons, a little boy, in following, as he supposed, the order to write six lines in his copy-book, wrote them perpendicularly down the page, instead of across the page. As soon as the teacher saw it she struck him over the head with a slate which she had in her hand, and kept him in an hour after the school was dismissed. This "educated" the boy in penmanship.

Those instances suffice for specimens. In addition to that, the teacher was in the constant habit of sneering at the minor blunders of the boys; calling them loafers, fools, dunces, etc., and for the most trivial offenses keeping in through the recess those boys who were in the habit of going home to lunch, and thus necessarily depriving them of their regular meal. These things, and the foregoing specified cases of punishment, are exactly on a par with, though on a somewhat smaller scale than, the didactic style of the exemplary Squeers, Principal of Dotheboys Hall. As parts of a system of "education," they are all of a piece.

The conclusion of this article will be given in our next number.

EVEN in this day of strange events, the unveiling of the statue of Christopher Columbus on the Isthmus of Panama, on the 22d of October, has proved an occurrence worthy of mention. Columbus, after seeking patrons elsewhere in Europe, endowed, as he supposed, the Spanish Crown with the benefits of his discovery. Although Spain did not furnish this statue, yet a daughter of Spain, boasting the blood of Guzman, but also the blood of our people as well, bestowed this monument, while wearing the imperial crown of France. Before its inauguration she became an exile in England. The inauguration took place not in a town founded by Spaniards, but by the New Englanders under the name of Aspinwall, but which the Spaniards of the district who profit by Anglo-Saxon enterprise have entitled Colon, after the great

navigator. On the day of the inauguration Old Spain figured not, and New Spain only in the person of the inconsiderable Governor of Panama, owing everything to Old and New England. Even he was not the inaugurator, but Sir Charles Bright, who had come to lay the same day the telegraph-cable, in which the Governor of Panama was more deeply interested than in the statue. An admiral was there, no Spanish leader of galleons or an armada, but the Commander of the English fleet in the Pacific. Most of the speeches were made in English, and they were recorded in the *Panama Star and Herald*. Thus ends this strange reminiscence of *Sic vos non vobis*, in which time has made the great admiral's works serve not Spaniards, but the race holding the outer world of Britain.

THERE is hardly a telegram published in the English press from the United States which may not be characterized as a "mess." The "staff" which seems to supply the London papers especially, appears to be made up of fools or lunatics. On their blunders most of the "comments" of British papers are founded. The consequence is very well stated by the *Anglo-American Times*:

"The telegraph condenses or selects the point the speaker makes, without any of his reservations, and the English journals criticize an extract, perhaps garbled, at any rate conveying a false impression, from the purely English view, without making allowances, even though it be an American question, for the other view and the people addressed. It has often been our task to read through the speech accepted in England as the truce of threats of a fire-brand from the telegraph summary, to find how the orator had been misrepresented; but the impression is made—there is no effort to unmake it—and not a word of what the man really said is published in an English paper. Partly this is due to the cable, which can give only the epitome, whereon the journals ground their articles, and the subject is fully discussed and dismissed ere the mail with the text of the whole speech reaches England. To return to it is like going back to the tepid joint from which the dinner has been made, it has lost all attractions, and becomes, when then presented, rather nauseous than otherwise; therefore the journalists allow the erroneous impression they have created to remain. The consequences are in a high degree injurious to the *entente cordiale*."

The whole object of General Grant in forcing the Santo Domingo Commission on Congress, was to commit the National Legislature to a quasi approval of the Babcock-Fabens-Cazeneau job of annexation. That object has been defeated by the adoption of an amendment, by a vote of 106 to 76 in the House, and by a unanimous vote in the Senate, as follows:

"Provided, That nothing in this resolution contained shall be held, understood or construed as committing Congress to the policy of annexing the territory of said Republic of Dominica."

General Grant never gained so damaging a victory in his life, as it proves that he has no longer the confidence of his party, or, rather, of the party that elected him. It is said that Ben Wade, of Ohio, with Mr. White and Dr. Howe, have been selected by General Grant as his Commissioners—not one of them any more fitted for the appointment than any other of the President's appointees. We believe General Sigel, the secretary, can speak Spanish—but we are not even sure of that—and he will be, *de facto*, the Commission. In any case, Santo Domingo is dead.

We hear it announced that Miss Ream's statue of Lincoln is soon to reach Washington, and take its place among the sculptured horrors of that unhappy city. We trust it may be "interviewed" by the same correspondent of the *World* who is vividly impressed with Crawford's bronze figure of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol, which, he says, "from the west front looks like a warty sweet-potato on end. From the east front it pictures a squaw with a lobster on her head and papoose at her back, undertaking the difficult task of toting three stemless pumpkins and a roll of sole-leather. From New Jersey avenue, south, it looms up in the shape of an amazonian washerwoman bearing a prodigious armful of stiffly-starched clothes, and from B street, north, it takes the form of a horse-blanket hung over a pump to dry; and from every point of view the Madge Wildfire headress and distended eyeballs give the critter a crazy look, that is not misdirected to the Insane Asylum, across the Anacostia."

THE Marquis de Beauvoir has been around the world, and written a book—almost "of course." He seems to have been deeply impressed with the new English nations that are springing up with such strong and rapid growth in Australasia and the South Pacific. Speaking of the colony of Victoria, he says:

"It is really interesting in this young country to see pure democracy at work—the school of political life open to all, freed from the prejudices, as well as the hindrances, of the Old World; democracy is here left to itself; she may do all that she is capable of performing; there has been nothing to destroy, everything to create; there does not probably exist in the world at this moment another spot where the experiment has been less hampered, and in consequence more conclusive. It seems that the Anglo-Saxon race left behind them in crossing the line all that still checks them in Europe, and started here resolutely

on the road of progress. From this boldness results marvels; it has raised up a free and prosperous Europe in the Southern Hemisphere; it has created not a mere colony, but a new world, which one is inclined to believe sprang into life in the course of a few years, well ordered, free, and prosperous."

THE "Sage of Concord," known also as Ralph Waldo Emerson, came here on Celebration Day to tell us something about the Puritan Pilgrims. Among other novel pieces of information concerning them, he said that they delighted in "obscuring their minds with Thomas à Kempis and Bunyan." This is very good, considering that Bunyan was a child only eight years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and that by the time the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written in England, the Pilgrims in America had made such progress toward founding a prosperous colony that they were much more occupied with trading in Indian slaves to the Barbadoes than in perusing works of mystical theology.

It is said that among the Chinese executed for the Tientsin massacre, a number were not guilty at all, but substitutes. The mandarins caught a few of the meaner rioters, hired a few others, probably convicts, for five hundred taels given to their families, allowed the heads taken off to be sewn on again, and promised a temple over the remains of the patriotic sufferers. They, moreover, represent that the executions are concessions to the barbarism of the foreigner, who must be conciliated until it is expedient to drive him out of the land. No Mandarin or person of importance has been executed, and a sentence of banishment passed on two of the order probably implies their rapid promotion in another province.

WHAT are we to think of a government that claims credit for not garroting a lady because she happens to be the wife of an opponent in arms? Yet Valmaseda, the blood-stained Spanish despot in Cuba, asks for the world's praise because he has permitted the captured wife of President Cespedes to leave for New York instead of murdering her! In a country where Jeff. Davis lives unmolested, we do not look on this as necessarily an evidence of highest humanity or loftiest civilization.

AMONG the people shut up in Paris are three Japanese students, whom their French tutor has kept there. They write short notes to their friends in London, in Japanese characters, on the margins of newspapers, which they trust to the balloon-post, and say they heartily wish they were out of the place, as they get nothing but horse-flesh and dog-flesh to eat.

MUSICAL.

THE CHURCH MUSIC ASSOCIATION entered upon the second year of its existence on Wednesday evening, January 4th; and we may frankly say has become a thriving and lusty child. The soloists on this occasion were Madame Anna Bishop, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. William S. Leggett and Mr. H. P. Danks. The conductor was Dr. James Pech, to whose unwearied assiduity and conscientious labor this Association owes its decided success. Rarely has so fine an assemblage of the lovers of classical music been gathered together in this city, and we cannot help congratulating ourselves on the extent of the taste for the enjoyment of such works as Weber's "Preciosa," from which the second part of the concert was entirely framed and Haydn's Third, sometimes called the Imperial Mass. The last of these had been very cleverly arranged by Dr. James Pech, and was conducted by him admirably. It was given in the first part of the concert. We more specially allude to this, because some bitter strictures have been made upon Dr. Pech for supplying additional instrumentation in Handel. He has also done it in this case, and done it with remarkable and unpretending judgment—not as an innovator, but rather as a conservator. When the "Mass" was written the orchestra was limited in portion of its present constituent parts. If Haydn had lived now, it is but fair to believe he would have availed himself of every means at modern command. If a *soprano* part may be lowered at the will or need of a vocalist, in a modern opera, very certainly, volume or power may be increased by means which the composer lacked when he wrote a mass or an oratorio.

LECTURE.

THE new lecture of Mr. George Hows, "Home, Sweet Home," was delivered by the brilliant young lecturer on Saturday evening, January 7th, at De Garmo's Hall, the corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue. In many respects, he has gained by experience. His manner is more assured, and he makes a point more keenly, while he is still as easy in his elocution and style of delivery as he was last year. Indeed, we have few resident lecturers, in his peculiar line of the serio-comic, who may legitimately be ranked with him. Comic lecturers are abundant enough. But seriousness with a dash of comedy, or comedy with a dash of seriousness—which is it?—is infinitely more agreeable. After saying this, we of course need not state that "Home, Sweet Home" was sacrilegiously considered in a serio-comic manner, and treated with a great deal of humor and quietly serious satire. One portion of his subject we

almost shrank from, when it was alluded to, first, by him. It seemed treading upon dangerous ground. However, he glided over it so tenderly and graciously, that, perhaps, we are inclined to consider it the very best part of his lecture.

THE LITTLE ENGLISH IMMIGRANT, AND HIS RECEPTION.

SOME time ago, New York city, being troubled with a very annoying, not to say vermicular, intestinal complaint, sent for a vermifuge in the shape of the little English sparrow. Our "chipper" little friends arrived, and proceeded to make themselves very useful, clearing the ways and streets of the great city from its noisome pest. Scarcely, however, had the sparrows become domiciled and acclimated, when it was found that owls in great numbers were attracted to the metropolis. While the early bird was catching the worm, the late bird was catching him; and his pretty little wife had hardly had time to arrange her bedroom in the neat boxes provided by the Municipality of New York, when her scheme of bliss was interrupted by the soft wing and cruel beak of this midnight enemy. The marksmen of New York took sides with the British against the domestic bird. Owls have been shot this winter in very considerable numbers, in St. John's Wood, in Jersey City and other suburbs, and one sacrilegious villain was brought down in St. Paul's churchyard.

Would not Burns have turned this story to a moral? The British immigrant and the carnivorous scamp who trees him, may they not be seen together any day when a fresh cargo of settlers flies into the Greenwich or West street lodging-house, where the landsharks await them?

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—A Deep Game of Ho-Peep Before Paris.—Bill-Sticking for Two Nations.

The trick of elevating an empty cap above the ramparts, to draw the enemy's fire, is quite a traditional joke among soldiers, and is not attended with any danger to the joker. But the thud of a bullet upon the marble balustrade is a decided quickener of pace, for there are gaps to be passed through which a skillful marksman might send a little piece of lead, which would put an end to the game forever. Though the mark is small and the distance great, the chassepot and needle-gun are dangerous weapons with which to take liberties. Our engraving shows a party of German troops on a house-top near Paris, "joking" with the French outposts.

Among the remarkable features of the German occupation of Versailles are the inroads which the German language is making on the shops and walls of the city. Many shops have changed masters, merchandise and names. The walls of the Prefecture, the Mairie and the Palais de Justice form a sort of artist's block book, one whose leaves are notes of the history of France. The topmost page is the German era, "Cigarren sind zu haben." Peel that off, and you come to the "French Republic." Tear that away, and you find "The Empire." Below are proclamations, innumerable, and under them a long file of the *Moniteur Officiel*.

Inside Paris.—Moblots Dancing.—Gardes Mobiles Camping under Railway Arches.—Covering the Bas-Reliefs at the Louvre.—Artillery of the National Guards at Exercise.

The Gardes Mobiles are in high favor with their countrymen, and jokes and freaks, which would be indignantly resented in a civilian are patiently borne and even applauded in a Moblot. Our latest balloon-post from the besieged capital furnishes us fresh views of their jollity, and the interest manifested in them by the populace. The tediousness of their forced inactivity has by no means dampened their spirits, and they trip the light toe with as much gusto as though once more at their peaceful homes.

The system of protection from the enemy's shells put into execution at the Arc de Triomphe, as shown in our last number, has been applied to the bas-reliefs of the Louvre and other public buildings. Bricks of turf are packed about the figures, being held in position by stout pieces of timber.

The railway arches of the city are used for camping purposes by the Gardes, who make the most of their limited quarters by various sports and domestic occupations.

The National Guards are constantly drilled in artillery exercise near Notre Dame, the large park facing the church being every way suited to the manipulation of field pieces.

England.—First Meeting of the London School Board.

The inaugural meeting of the London School Board took place in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, December 15th. The members of the board were greeted with cheers as they passed through the corridor, while the chief honor was shared by the Misses Garrett and Davies. Lord Lawrence and Mr. Charles Reed, M. P., were elected chairman and vice-chairman respectively. With the appointment of a committee to prepare a programme of business according to the provisions of the Education Act of the last session, under which the board was sitting for the first time, the meeting was adjourned.

Italy.—The King's New Year's Call on his New Capital.

The King of Italy arrived at Rome, on a short visit, at 4 o'clock on the morning of January 2d, and received an enthusiastic torchlight reception at the railway station. He lodged at the Quirinal Palace. At ten o'clock he visited the Museum and a number of public places in the city, and was saluted by the populace. Our illustration shows the Romans crowding the Capitoline Hill, one of the best points of observation in the Eternal City. He left amid enthusiastic demonstrations of respect on the part of the inhabitants, having spent scarcely twenty-four hours among his new subjects. King Victor's royal progresses are frequently marked by acts of largess. Previous to his departure from Rome the King made a donation of 200,000 lire for charitable purposes, and begged the Municipality to devote to a similar object the sums intended to defray the expenses of the festivities on the occasion of his visit. The Municipal Council of Rome has voted the sum of 100,000 lire for the purpose of building a monument in honor of King Victor Emmanuel, and it is supposed now that the work will be completed by the most eminent sculptors.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS AGNESE PALMER, an excellent contralto from Italy, has arrived in Boston.

MISS MARIE KREBS gave an interesting piano recital on Saturday afternoon last, at Steinway Hall, New York. Others will be given on the 21st and 24th.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG sent all the members of the Woman's Christian Association, in Cincinnati, free tickets to her performance of the oratorio of "The Messiah."

The principal gentlemen of Boston, including Holmes, Fields, Whittier, Longfellow, etc., met on January 13th to arrange the project of giving to Charles Fechter a complimentary benefit.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS will give two grand instrumental concerts at Steinway Hall, with his orchestra, and the pianiste, Miss Anna Mehlig, 27th and 28th, at the popular price of twenty-five cents.

A GRAND concert, at which the connoisseurs of good music will enjoy selections of a high quality, will be given by Mme. Varion Hoffman, at Association Hall, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, February 14th, 1871.

THE MATINEE is the capital title of an elegant and well-edited little programme for the morning performances at some of our principal theatres. Type, matter, portraits and paper, all emphatically good. We wish it long life.

THE season of Italian opera at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, came to a close on the 10th, when "Un Ballo in Maschera" was sung by Signori Lefranc and Reyna, and Mmes. Viardi, Roselli and De Gebele. Signor Lefranc's singing and acting, as Ricardo, throughout the opera, deserved high praise.

THE Laemlein Sisters made their second appearance in New York city, January 11th, at Steinway Hall. Their programme included the "William Tell" overture as arranged for Gottschalk as a duet on one piano, and Thalberg's "Norma" duet, arranged for two pianos. Besides these, Miss Rebecca Laemlein played with charming taste Thalberg's exquisite arrangement of "Sonambula" airs, while Miss Emma selected for her solo piece Liszt's difficult but uninteresting "Rigoletto" fantasia. In all, the young pianistes were warmly applauded.

THE return of Edwin Booth to his theatre on the 9th of January, and his appearance in Bulwer's "Richelleu," was the occasion of the gathering of a thoroughly intelligent and critical audience. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who achieved a high success during the summer in the Shakespearean plays at Niblo's, brought to the character of De Mauprat all the elasticity, grace and clear enunciation of English verse that has advanced him so high in the dramatic world. Miss Pateman appeared as Julie de Mortimer, and occasioned much surprise by the display of a passionate power hitherto unsuspected. The very elaborate architectural sets, and the richness of the general scenery, elicited loud admiration. Mr. Booth was three times recalled, and throughout the performance both he and Mr. Barrett were enthusiastically applauded.

THE success of the "Black Crook," at Niblo's Theatre, continues as thorough as during its first production. The third act, which is decidedly the most pleasing of all, on account of the attractions introduced, requires but one scene to develop it. From the height of the fly gallery there descends from a balcony a flight of stairs, directly toward the audience, their base being about mid-distance of the depth of the stage. On either side of the stage is a handsome edifice, with a wide portico. At the base of the staircase are two columns surmounted by huge candelabras, which are duplicated at equal distances up the staircase to the balcony above. At the rise of the curtain the artists of the ballet commence to descend this staircase, and as principals, *corps de ballet*, and *corps de ballet*, clad in varied costumes, file slowly down, the *coup d'oeil* is most pleasing. The descent being accomplished, the Grand Candelabra Ballet is at once commenced, during which small candelabra, fixed to a light round-table, are placed in picturesque positions by the *corps de ballet*, now held aloft, now placed in a position on the stage forming a square, a triangular, or irregular figure, while in the inclosure Mlle. Bonfanti and Signor Novissimo dance *a pas de deux*.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is expected home in February.

MRS. LINCOLN is about joining Mrs. Bishop Simpson, at Rome, for a tour through Italy.

THE Crown-Prince is at the head of the woman suffrage movement in Germany.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE has been appointed Secretary of State for the English Home Department.

HAVANA was illuminated upon the reception of the news that the King of Spain had arrived safely in Madrid.

A RUMOR is in circulation in Berlin to the effect that the Hon. George Bancroft is to resign his Ministry and return home.

THE Hon. James Pike, the Republican candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, is a Methodist minister, fifty-two years old, who served in Congress from 1865 to 1866, and was colonel in the army during the war.

MRS. GENERAL SHERMAN, Mrs. Dahlgren, Mrs. Jacob D. Cox, and other well-known ladies of Washington, D. C., are arranging a petition, to be presented to Congress, protesting against woman suffrage.

THE Hon. John Covode, one of the most prominent politicians of Pennsylvania for the last quarter-century, died in Harrisburg, Pa., January 11th, of disease of the heart. He was in his sixty-third year of age.

THE Hon. George Robertson, of Lexington, Ky., now in his eighty-first year, and present Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of his State, is the oldest living member of Congress, having entered that body at the December session, 1815.

DR. BREWSTER, well known among Americans in Paris, died recently at Versailles. He left Charleston, S. C., for Paris, in 1834, and was there appointed dentist to the Courts of France and Russia, from which he received numerous decorations.

THERE was a touch of romance in the late Mrs. Belknap's story. She was a daughter of Dr. Tomlinson, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and after his death removed to Keokuk, Ia. Her brother was an officer on Confederate General S. W. Ferguson's staff, and was captured near Meridian, Miss. In her efforts to secure his release she made the acquaintance of General Belknap, which resulted in their marriage not two years ago.

THE farewell dinner given to General Schenck, previous to his departure for England as Minister, was one of the liveliest and pleasantest entertainments known to Washington during the present season. Secretary Boutwell, Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Committee; General Banks, Chairman of the House Foreign Committee; the entire Finance Committee of the Senate, and the Ways and Means Committee of the House, were present; in all, twenty guests. The close of the festivities at midnight was joyful, and all united in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

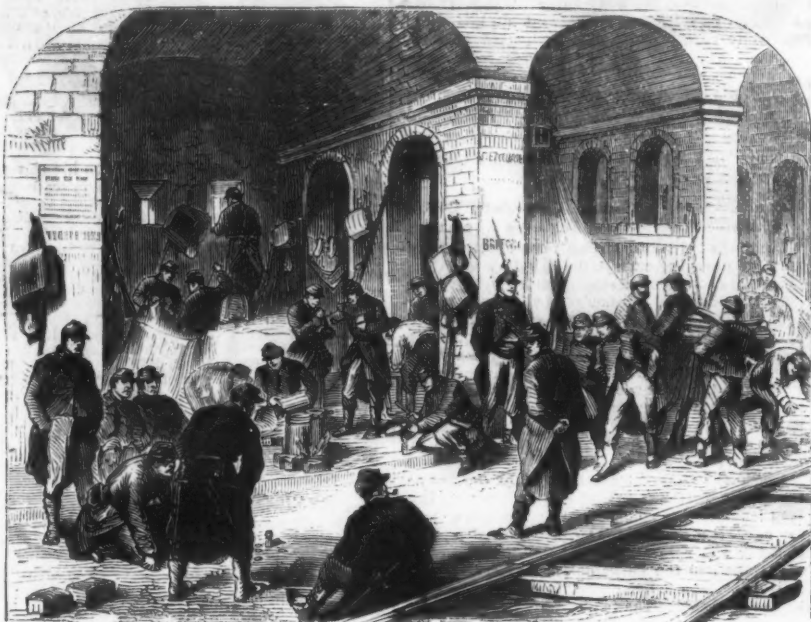
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 327.



INVESTMENT OF PARIS.—AN EMPTY PRUSSIAN HELMET, A CONVENIENT LOOPHOLE, AND A DEEP GAME OF BO-PEEP.



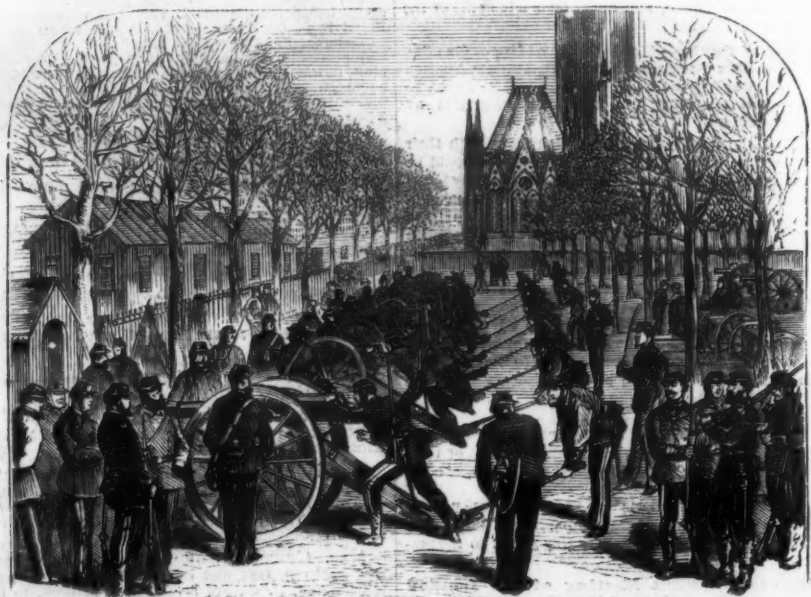
FRANCE.—BILL-STICKING FOR TWO NATIONS—DAILY THROB IN FRONT OF A DEAD WALL IN VERSAILLES.



INSIDE PARIS.—GARDES MOBILES ENCAMPING IN RAILWAY ARCHES.



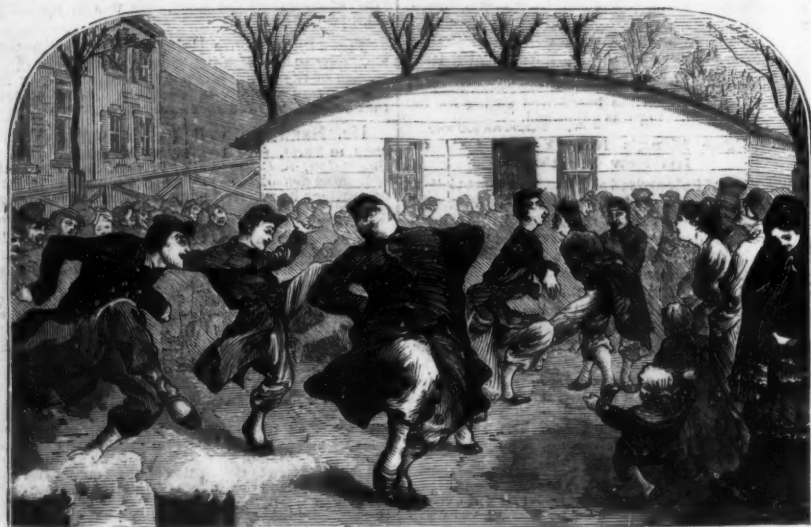
ENGLAND.—FIRST MEETING OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD; ATTENDANCE OF LADY MEMBERS.



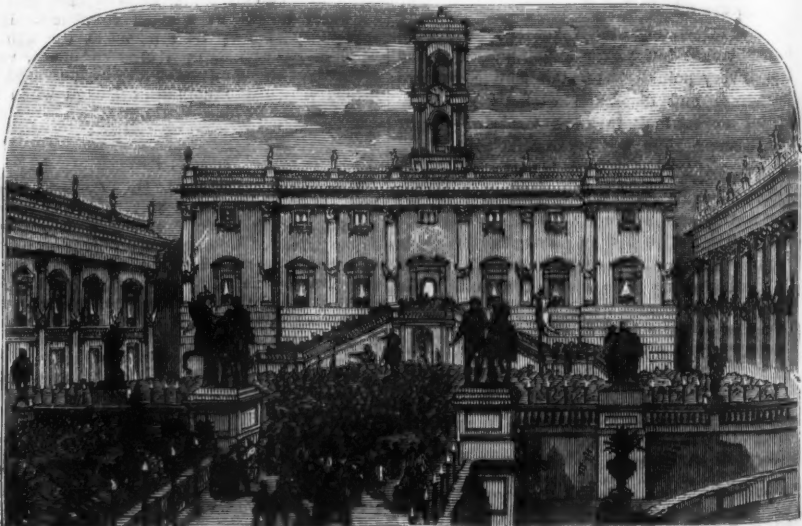
INSIDE PARIS.—GARDES NATIONALES AT ARTILLERY EXERCISE BEHIND THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.



INSIDE PARIS.—PREPARING FOR THE BOMBARDMENT—COVERING THE SCULPTURES BY JEAN GOUSSON ON THE LOUVRE.



INSIDE PARIS.—INCURABLE FRENCH VIVACITY—MOBLOTS DANCING WHILE THE CITY IS STARVING.



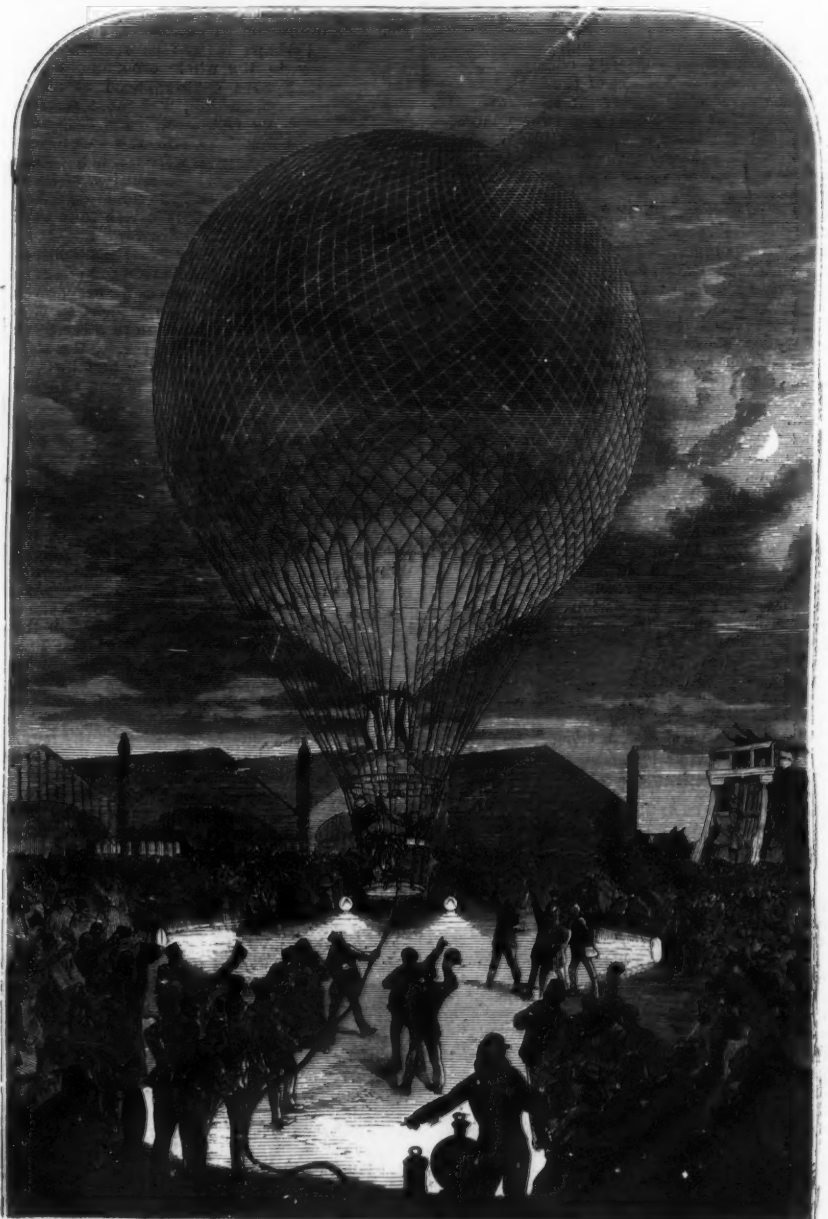
ITALY.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS AT VICTOR EMMANUEL'S NEW YEAR'S CALL ON THE CITY OF ROME—APPEARANCE OF THE CAPITOLINE HILL.



WEST POINT, NEW YORK.—COURT-MARTIAL OF JAMES W. SMITH, THE COLORED CADET—SMITH READING HIS DEFENSE, JANUARY 12TH.—SEE PAGE 331.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL, NO 307 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET—RECEPTION OF AN INSANE PATIENT.—SEE PAGE 331.



INSIDE PARIS.—DEPARTURE OF A BALLOON AT NIGHT—SKETCH BY BALLOON POST. SEE PAGE 338.

GERMANIA.

HURRAH! thou lady proud and fair.
Hurrah! Germania mine!
What fire is in thine eyes as there
Thou bendest o'er the Rhine!
How in July's full blaze didst thou
Flash forth thy sword, and go,
With heart elate, and knitted brow,
To strike the invader low!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! Germania!

No thought hadst thou, so calm and light,
Of war or battle plain,
But on thy broad fields, waving bright,
Didst mow the golden grain!
With clashing sickles, wreaths of corn,
Thy sheaves didst garner in,
When, hark! across the Rhine, War's horn
Breaks through the merry din!

Down sickle, then, and wreath of wheat,
Amidst the corn were cast,
And, starting fiercely to thy feet,
Thy heart beat loud and fast;
Then with a shout I heard thee call,
"Well, since you will, you may!"
Up, up, my children, one and all—
On to the Rhine. Away!"

From port to port the summons flew,
Rang o'er our German wave,
The Oder on her harness drew,
The Elbe girt on her glaive;
Neckar and Weser swell the tide,
Maine flashes to the sun,
Old fends, old hates are dashed aside,
All German men are one!

Swabian and Prussian, hand in hand,
North, South, one host, one vow!
What is the German's Fatherland?
Who asks that question now?
One soul, one arm, one close-knit frame,
One will are we to-day;
Hurrah, Germania! thou proud dame,
Oh, glorious time, hurrah!

SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ILLUSTRATED.

[The Illustrated Passage occurs in our next.]

III.

SALEM.

WHEN the traveler loses sight of Charlestown, with its trim but incongruous monuments, his train is passing out on the meadows dotted with haycocks and alive with every tint of red and russet, and presently is skirting the shores of Swampscot and Lynn. Here, perhaps, he glances up at the High Rock commanding sight of the dim line of the Beverly beaches, of the Cape Ann Shadows, the jagged coast of Marblehead, the long sweep of the Swampscot sands, the wild cliffs of Nahant, and the immense horizon of the bay beyond—a spot where Moll Pitcher for so many years performed her mysteries; and twenty minutes afterward the train is running into a region where witch and warlock, once holding revel, still haunt every inch of the ground. This region, whose centre is known as the town of Salem, is very lovely in the river-banks and villas of its outskirts. For the town itself, slight marks remain of the old Puritan domination, and its days of East Indian glory and spicary argosies are over. Reminiscences of that glory, however, continue to give caste in the place, and every lady in Salem has a cachemire shawl, it is said, or else has no passport to society; and great warehouses and great fortunes remain to tell of the state that has passed away. Among the smaller towns along the coast, Salem is still the most wealthy, and is therefore the target for much ill-nature on the part of her poorer neighbors. Nothing equals the contempt which a Lynn man feels for a citizen of Salem, unless it is the contempt which a Gloucester man feels, or that which a Salem man not only feels but manifests, for both of the others and the rest of creation besides. In Marblehead this hostility reaches more open expression, and the mutual sentiments of both populations are uttered by the urchins there when they cry: "Here come's a Salem boy—let's rock him round the corner!" Nevertheless, Salem contrives to creep along, to found her museum, to become headquarters for the Essex Institute, and to make herself, in ever so slight a measure, a centre of culture and advance. Lately the Scientific Societies met there, and were—undreamed-of thing—invited home to dinner: in a town where, if necessity obliges you to call upon a man at his club, he comes out and shuts the door behind him, keeping a grasp upon the handle as an intimation of the brevity of your visit—where Choate and Webster, pleading in court, have picked up a luncheon, at noon, in hotel or eating-house, as best they might, and where Hawthorne all but starved. Salem is conspicuous among New England towns for the beauty of its women; a plain face would be an anomaly there, and the well-fed blood of wealthy generations is told by the bloomy skins and abundant tresses, the expression of sweetness and dignity, the soft eyes and fine features, of the daughters of the place. The town still preserves a few relics of its memorable past; the House of the Seven Gables was standing there a little while ago, together with the Townsend-Bishop house, famous for its share in the old witchcraft transactions, and the Corwin house, at the corner of North and Essex streets, where the Grand Jury sat upon those transactions. There are some handsome churches and public buildings of more modern date, and a stone Court-house, together with a fine Registry of Deeds. There

is an interest attaching to this latter structure, not altogether archaeological though concerning itself with antiquities, but an interest in one of the darkest problems ever presented by human nature; for here are kept such documents as have been preserved from the witchcraft days, and among them the death-warrant of Bridget Bishop. Very few indeed are these papers; for, when the frenzy of the period began to subside, those "Salem Gentlemen" who petitioned the Government to grant no reprieve to Rebecca Nurse, a woman who had lived nearly eighty years of a saintly life, were overtaken by remorse and shame, and hastened to do away with all remembrance of their recent action, exhibiting a better sense of the fitness of things than their descendants do who do-day display in a sealed vial a dozen bent and verdigrised and rusty pins purporting to be the identical ones with which their forefathers plagued the witches; albeit, it is said, the fashion of these pins was not known at the time when those poor wretches were tormented. Indeed to the stranger in the town of Salem this is the one thought; he looks at these people whom he meets upon the street, and they become to him curious subjects of conjecture as he reflects that intermarriage has obliterated the ancient feud and rancor, and wonders in what way it is that in these individuals the blood of afflicted, persecutor, and accused, together, accommodates itself. One would look for the birth of strong characteristics here, possibly for terrible developments, out of the opposition of such material; but nothing notable ever happens in the tranquil town, and not a ripple of distinction breaks its history since those first dreadful days, unless we recall the vanished figure of Hawthorne walking all his life long in the shadow of that old witch-prosecuting ancestor, the Magistrate. But much inheritance of a thing dies with the memory of it, and when the scales dropped from the eyes of the persecutors of 1692, and they saw themselves the shedders of innocent blood, they destroyed all records that could be found, resealed the church so that relatives of the murderer and of the murdered sang their hymns side by side from the same book, and since those who had borne the stain of the scaffold in their family were not likely to make it subject of conversation, those who inflicted that stain were glad to let it be forgotten; and it came to pass that, when the historian sought for it, he found less tradition existing relative to the occurrences of that dark and bloody period than of times of quadruple the antiquity. It reached him, though, from all unimagined avenues, from church-records, from registries of wills and deeds, from family papers, and we now have it in sufficient completeness to make us detest, if not the people, at least the influences that made the people actors in that tragedy.

Like most things of magnitude, the Salem Witchcraft had its beginnings in small things—in so small a thing, indeed, as a circle of young girls meeting together, on winter evenings, at each other's houses, to practice palmistry and such sleight-of-hand as parlor-magic had then attained. Perhaps it was as remarkable a thing as any in the whole occurrences that such meetings were countenanced at all in that place of the Puritan, and more remarkable still, that no connection was suspected between these meetings and the subsequent antics. These young girls were ten in number; three of them were servants, and two of these are believed to have acted from malicious motives against the families where they were employed, one of them afterward admitting that she did so; and Mary Warren's guilt, as capital witness securing the execution of seven innocent persons, being—unless we accept the hypothesis of spiritualism—as evident as it is black and damning. In addition to these there were the negro-slaves of Mr. Parris, the minister, in whose household all the first disturbances made their appearance, Tituba and her husband.

It is worthy of remark, as the historian urges, that Elizabeth Parris—a child of only nine years, but of extraordinary precocity, the daughter of the minister, himself the foremost fomentor and agitator of the troubles—was early removed by him from the scene, and placed under shelter at safe distance. Of the remainder, the most prominent were Abigail Williams, aged eleven, a niece of the minister, and resident in his family; Ann Putnam, aged twelve; Betty Hubbard and Mary Walcott, both aged seventeen; and Mercy Lewis, of the same age, a servant in the family of Ann Putnam's mother; Mrs. Ann Putnam, aged thirty, who afterward became as prominent as any in the matter of afflictions. There were a Mrs. Pope and a Mrs. Bibber, who joined the circle; but the one was only hysterical, and the latter was detected in a trick, and their connection with the phenomena was brief. It is not unreasonable to suppose that Tituba was at the root of the whole business. Brought by Mr. Parris, who had formerly been a merchant, from the West Indies, and still but half-civilized, she was full of her wild Obeah superstitions and incantations, in which she had without doubt interested the two children in her master's family, Elizabeth Parris and Abigail Williams. Probably they invited Ann Putnam, a child of nearly the same age as themselves, to witness what they found so entertaining; and she, confiding in her mother's servant, Mercy Lewis, an ignorant girl of seventeen, Mercy in turn interested her own companions in the matter. Sitting over the winter fires, after growing tired of their exercises in magic, it is likely that they rehearsed to each other all the marvelous tales of the primeval settlements, stories full of sheeted ghosts, with wild hints of the Indian goblin Hobbomocko, till they shuddered and laughed at the shuddering, and their terrified imaginations and excited nerves were ready for something beyond. Perfecting themselves in all they could discover of legerdemain, taught by Tituba the secret of a species of voluntary cataleptic fit, and improving on her

teachings by means of their own superior intelligence, before the winter was over they had become adepts in their arts, and were ready for exhibition. It is likely that at first their object was merely to display their skill, to make amusement and arouse wonder, and, possibly, admiration, in their beholders, who singularly failed to perceive that it was a concerted thing among them. Perhaps, too, they were somewhat emulous of the fame of the Godwin children, whose exploits had lately been on every tongue. When the crowds, who afterward flocked to see those whom ministers and doctors had pronounced bewitched, witnessed their appalling condition, they were overwhelmed with horror; for, "whatever opinion may be formed," says Mr. Upham, "of the moral or mental condition of the afflicted children, as to their sanity and responsibility, there can be no doubt that they were great actors. In mere jugglery and sleight-of-hand, they bear no mean comparison with the workers of wonders, in that line, of our own day. Long practice had given them complete control over their countenances, intonations of voice, and the entire muscular and nervous organization of their bodies; so that they could at will, and on the instant, go into fits and convulsions; swoon and fall to the floor; put their frames into strange contortions; bring the blood to the face and send it back again. They could be deadly pale at one moment, at the next flushed; their hands would be clinched and held together as with a vice; their limbs stiff and rigid or wholly relaxed; their teeth would be set, they would go through the paroxysms of choking and strangulation, and gasp for breath, bringing froth and blood from the mouth; they would utter all sorts of screams in unearthly tones; their eyes remain fixed, sometimes bereft of all light and expression, cold and stony, and sometimes kindled into flames of passion; they would pass into the state of somnambulism, without aim or conscious direction in their movements, looking at some point where was no apparent object of vision, with a wild, unmeaning glare. There are some indications that they had acquired the art of ventriloquism; or they so wrought upon the imaginations of the beholders that the sounds of the motions and voices of invisible beings were believed to be heard. They would start, tremble, and be pallid before apparitions seen, of course, only by themselves; but their acting was so perfect that all present thought they saw them, too. They would address and hold colloquy with spectres and ghosts, and the responses of the unseen beings would be audible to the fancy of the bewildered crowd. They would follow with their eyes the airy visions so that others imagined they also beheld them."

Mr. Upham calls this a high dramatic achievement; but he goes on to state that the Attorney-General, a barrister fresh from the Inns of Court at London, was often present, together with many others who had seen the world, and were competent to detect trickery; and it is, after all, difficult to believe that this parcel of rude girls could have acquired so much dexterity, and that no diseased condition of mind and nerve assisted them, and that the fits, which were at first voluntary, did not at last take control of them and all their powers.

Notwithstanding this doubt, it is plain that their magic came in on such occasions as the pin-pricking; as, for instance, when one of them, not wishing to reply, had a pin apparently run through both her upper and lower lip, and no wound or festering following. On such occasions, too, as that when they were found with their arms tied, and hung upon a hook, or their wrists bound fast with a cord, after the manner of the Davenport Brothers of to-day; as that, when an iron spindle, missing for some time from a house in the village, was suddenly snatched out of the air from the hand of an apparition; or that, when one of them being afflicted by a spectre in a white sheet, invisible to other than herself, caught and tore the corner of the sheet, and showed the real cloth in her hand to the spectators, who received it undoubtedly. Their catalepsy, though, or whatever it may be called, was of use to them throughout—whether they chewed soap till they foamed at the mouth, and expertly twisted their supple bodies into long-practiced contortions, or whether what was feigned at first grew real afterward, and they were seized by the flame they had kindled, and became demented by the contagious delirium. It is well understood that the Shakers of the present day are capable of producing similar conditions—fits, distortions, trances in which visions are imagined to be seen; and something of the same sort is frequent in the camp-meeting revivals, while shrieking hysterics are now known to be as voluntary as winking; and it has even been discovered that fixing the eyes and the attention upon a bright spot at a short distance away will induce a state of coma. Whether they had learned the possibility of such things, or merely simulated them, it is almost impossible to believe that these girls, in the depth of depravity to which they descended, were not victims of a temporary insanity. Their ready wit and make-shift would lend a color to this supposition, as being only the cunning of the insane, if there had not been so much method in their madness, and there were not too much evidence of a directing hand behind them.

Mr. Upham thinks that they became intoxicated with the terrible success of their imposture, and having sewed the wind, were swept away by the whirlwind; they appeared, he says, as the prosecutors of every poor creature that was tried, to such degree that their wickedness seems to transcend the capabilities of human crime; but he goes on to remark that "there is, perhaps, a slumbering element in the heart of man that sleeps forever in the bosom of the innocent and good, and requires the perpetration of a great sin to wake it into action; but which, when once aroused, impels the transgressor onward with increasing mo-

mentum, as the descending ball is accelerated in its course. It may be that crime begets an appetite for crime, which, like all other appetites, is not quieted, but inflamed by gratification."

A large part of the difficulty in determining the truth about these girls may vanish if we recall the declaration of the British Judge, a few years since, upon the case of Constance Kent, confessing the murder of her little half-brother, where he remarked it to be a fact that there was a point in the existence of the young, when, just coming to the full sense of life, and occupied with that, and generally with a nervous system so delicately organized as easily to be thrown out of balance, they seem to be destitute of all natural feeling, of all moral perception, and plant to any wickedness. These young girls of Salem Village, some of greater precocity than others, were probably all of them within the scope of this declaration, and at an age when they needed careful shielding and observation, instead of being left, as they were, to the companionship of servants—servants whose duller minds and lower breeding reduced all difference of age to nothing; and the written and signed confession of their ring-leader still remains to render one very cautious in assigning the explanation of their misdeeds to any preternatural or even abnormal cause. It is known, at any rate, that they were several times discovered in deception; once, on being reproved for it, they boldly answered that they must have a little sport; on another time, one of them was plainly seen to be practicing a trick with pins; and, again, one of them crying out that she was being stabbed with a knife, a broken piece of a knife was found upon her, but a young man in the audience immediately declared that, on the day before, he had broken his knife, this afflicted person being present, and thrown the broken part away, and he produced the haft and remaining portion of the blade to prove it, and though the girl was reprimanded, she was used, just the same, for witness in other cases.

The state of feeling in the Colonies and elsewhere could not have been more propitious to their undertaking than it was at the time when they opened their drama. Cotton Mather, whose mind was a seething caldron of superstitions, had just published the account of the afflicted Goodwin children; Goody Morse was living in her own house at Newbury, under sentence of death, sentence pronounced in Boston, it having been found impossible hitherto to convict a person for witchcraft in Essex County; and Margaret Jones, and Mistress Anne Hibbins, a sister of Governor Bellingham and one of the figures of the "Scarlet Letter," had, not long before, been hung for practicing the black art; they were the free-thinkers of that day who doubted the verity of witchcraft—Addison believed in it, Edmund Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, believed in it, Sir Thomas Browne gave in court his testimony in behalf of its reality; Blackstone, the fountain of law, asserted that to deny the existence of witchcraft was to contradict the word of God; King James had written diatribes on witches and had persecuted them; Queen Elizabeth had persecuted them; William Penn had presided at the trial of two women for witchcraft; thirty years after the executions in Salem, Dr. Watts expressed his persuasion that there was much agency of the devil and some real witches in that affair; and so deeply rooted and long in dying was the superstition, that in 1766 a Presbyterian synod in Scotland denounced, as a national sin, the repeal of the penal laws against witchcraft; in 1808 women were abused for witches by a whole population within sixty miles of London, and so lately as the beginning of this century Father Altizio was imprisoned at Rome for sorcery, and there were prosecutions for witchcraft in some of the interior districts of our own Southern States. In the midst of such universal darkness, the people of Salem were not behind the spirit of their age when fancying that their village had become the battle-ground of Anti-christ; and possibly they recovered sooner from their delusion than other communities of less sturdy and self-asserting habits of thought might have done. The village, too, presented an excellent field of operation, for it had for many years been torn with dissensions; there had been violent jealousies, wrangles and lawsuits over the acquisition of large property, through industry and enterprise, by people once in less prosperous circumstances, as for example, the Nurses, and quarrels with the "Topsfield Men," connections of the Nurses, in relation to boundaries, resulting in fistful encounters and lasting enmities. There had, moreover, been trouble in the parish in relation to the impossibility of procuring a minister who should please all parties, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Deodat Lawson having been obliged to leave, owing to the hostilities, and Mr. Sam. Parris being settled in their place. Mr. Parris, among several singular qualities, seems to have been almost destitute of sympathy—he once told some men whose mother's execution he had been instrumental in procuring, that while they thought her innocent and he thought her guilty, the matter between them was merely a difference of opinion; he was possessed of great talent, and of an inordinate ambition; passionately fond of power, and constantly stirring up scenes that might lead to it, during the whole time of his career he kept the parish in a broil; he had at last grown so unpopular, that some bold stroke became necessary in order to regain lost ground, and when the children in his family commenced their performances, it is thought that he saw his advantage, and used it, to the pulling down of those who opposed him, and the setting-up of the standard of the Church, in his person, over all other authority. Probably, as Cotton Mather did, he aspired to be the chief champion of Christianity, and therefore the more exceedingly he could inflame the people, and then the more effectually quench the flame, the greater glory must redound to him and his ministry; and it is possible that neither he nor

the "afflicted children" had originally any idea of the lengths to which the thing would go; but once committed, there was no retreat.

When now the girls began to exhibit their new accomplishments at home, their frightened parents gave them medicine; of course this did not modify their symptoms, and presently the physician was summoned. Finding that none of his appliances changed their condition, Dr. Griggs took refuge in a common saying of the time, which had sheltered the ignorance of many another doctor, and declared that an evil hand had been laid upon them. Then Mr. Parris scented his prey in an instant; he kept the children in an agitation, noised the affair abroad till it became the talk of town and countryside, and the neighbors ran to see the convulsions of the afflicted, shivered with awe when the Sabbath meetings were disturbed by their outbursts, believed they saw the yellow-bird that Ann Putnam saw "sitting on the minister's hat as it hangs on the pin in the pulpit;" the families of the various afflicted ones fasted and prayed, and finally Mr. Parris called a convocation of the ministers to witness the proceedings of these crazy children, half diseased, half evil. Upon this the children brought out all the scenes in their repertory at once, and the ministers were astounded; always ready for combat with Satan, here they had him on open ground; they appointed a day of exhortation over the afflicted, and increased the excitement of the people to fury, so that nothing was thought of but the sufferings of these victims of the wrath of the Evil One, sufferings whose reality no one disbelieved; all business became suspended, all labor was left, and the whole community was in a frenzy of fanaticism. A few individuals did not join the outcry: Martha Corey did not believe there were any witches—presently she was accused for one and hung; the Nurses and Cloyeses and Joseph Putnam objected to the minister's allowing the children of his family to disturb the meeting without so much as a rebuke, and withdrew from their attendance at the church—Rebecca Nurse was hung, Sarah Cloyse was imprisoned, and Joseph Putnam escaped only by arming every member of his family and keeping a horse under saddle night and day for six months, determined, if the marshal came for him with a small posse, to resist, but if with an overwhelming force, to fly, choosing rather the mercies of the savage heathen of the forest than the barbarities of these frantic Christians.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL, ON EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

This institution was founded early in the fall of 1869, through the efforts and influence of Dr. F. Seeger, its present Medical Director. The success obtained with many a difficult case has especially vindicated the homeopathic treatment for insanity. The task of organizing and fitting up the present place was no small one. Especially is this evident when we consider that Dr. Seeger commenced the task with no funds in the treasury. The success of the movement was much aided by the grant, free of rent, of the second and third floors of the Northeastern Homeopathic Medical and Surgical Dispensary, No. 307 East Fifty-fifth street. The city, in the last tax levy, granted the Hospital \$10,000, to aid in defraying the expenses of its maintenance. The Legislature of last year also aided the institution by authorizing the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of New York to grant the Hospital a plot of ground upon which to erect the new building. It also made a grant of \$20,000 in the State Charity Bill, upon the condition that a similar sum be raised by private subscription. Among the subscribers to this fund are Mrs. R. B. Connolly, \$1,000; Mrs. R. C. Hutchings, \$500; His Honor Mayor Hall, \$500; Dr. Seeger, \$250; William Radde, \$250.

There is a Ladies' Aid Society connected with the Hospital, embracing the names of Mrs. R. B. Connolly, Mrs. Judge Roosevelt, Mrs. C. E. Vandever, Mrs. R. C. Hutchings, Mrs. Hiram Calkins, Mrs. G. Kellock, Mrs. T. F. McDowell, Mrs. Abbie Carey, Mrs. F. Seeger, Miss Sarah Hutchinson, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. George Hoffman, Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and many other well-known ladies.

A Charity Ball was given for the benefit of the new Hospital fund, at the Academy of Music, January 10th. It was a most thorough success. The ball was opened by Mrs. Judge Roosevelt and escort, followed by Mrs. R. B. Connolly and Mr. Hutchings, Surrogate, Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Parke Godwin, Mrs. Ralph Mead, Dr. and Mrs. Foote, Mrs. R. C. Hutchings and Dr. F. Seeger, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Fithian. Among other friends of the institution present, we noticed General George B. McClellan, Professor F. W. Hunt, Dr. E. E. Marcy, Dr. W. H. White and lady, Mrs. N. H. Decker, Colonel Connolly and lady, Mrs. Abbie Carey, Mrs. T. J. Wilber, Dr. H. N. Dunnell, Dr. M. Freiligh and Mrs. Freiligh. The occasion was heartily enjoyed by all who participated in it.

TRIAL OF THE COLORED CADET AT WEST POINT.

DURING the last three years the public have frequently been informed of trouble at the United States Military Academy at West Point, which reports have strengthened an idea that a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs prevails there.

In June last a colored boy named James W. Smith passed the examination prescribed for candidates, and was admitted to the Academy as a cadet. Shortly after, intelligence was received that the cadet was being cruelly persecuted by his associates, that various indignities were practiced toward him, and that they were determined to rid themselves of the company of a colored person who was by law and educa-

tion entitled to a position of equality among them. A few months passed, and Cadet Smith was brought to trial for striking a fellow-cadet on the head with a tin dipper, while in the act of drinking at the tank. Whether the trial was thorough and impartial, we will not undertake to say. Young Smith naturally sought information about the amount of ill-treatment he was to receive without redress, and intimated that he would be compelled to leave the Academy, much as he disliked the idea, after having progressed so far, if he could have no protection.

In the early part of December last a new trouble broke out, in which the unfortunate colored cadet was made to figure. Complaints were made against him for some action during a morning drill, and his trial by court-martial was commenced on Saturday, January 7th. On the 12th it was closed, and its last scene of any interest was the most important of the entire affair. The accused read to the officers of the Court a brief, even-tempered and firm defense, which, together with his gentlemanly deportment during the trial, inspired high respect for his ability.

Cadet Smith has been in arrest for nearly three-fourths of the time since his admission to the Academy last June. "Arrest" is next thing to close confinement. He has, meanwhile, however, progressed in his classes; is spoken of by his instructor as one of the aptest in the Artillery Class; and General Upton, the Commandant, says that he has unquestionably the ability to pass the entire academic course successfully. He has preserved good health and undaunted spirits.

There seems to be a marked revulsion of feeling at the Academy, and a growing indignation against the few unworthy cadets whose action has caused the whole corps to be stigmatized as too much prejudiced to deal justly with the colored boy. Cadets say that, if Smith is allowed to have another chance, an effort will be made to frown down the few whose actions with reference to him have hitherto been acquiesced in, but not participated in, by them. It is stated that many begin to realize that they have been needlessly hard upon him; and they feel more respect for the authorities by whom he was nominated, appointed, examined and admitted to the Academy, and from whom he received the same right to be there which they themselves enjoy. In brief, Cadet Smith is likely to enjoy in future such immunity from annoyances as will enable him to pursue the rest of the course quietly to his graduation.

The findings of the Court have been submitted to the Secretary of War for approval.

SIEGE OF PARIS: DRIVING BACK THE FRENCH INTO LE BOURGET.

WITH the mails of November, along with a great many details of the investment, came the thrilling little story of Le Bourget. The late encounter between the French and German soldiers at Le Bourget was one of the most determined struggles of the siege, if not of the war.

The village is about a mile east of Fort St. Denis, on the northern boundary of Paris, and it had been closely inspected by German outposts. On October 28th, the French succeeded in driving the German outposts, and on that evening were discovered occupying the position in force; they then commenced throwing up fortifications. The second division of the German Guard made an attempt to gain the place, and, after a hot and stubborn fight, the French were driven back behind their earthworks, with a loss of thirty officers and 1,200 men taken prisoners. The Prussian losses are also acknowledged to have been great, the French having had the advantage of protection by their earthworks.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LADIES IN WAITING.

WITH one exception, all Queen Victoria's "ladies-in-waiting" are widows. Since her husband's death, her majesty has always selected ladies similarly bereaved. They receive \$4,000 a year, which is a very acceptable addition to the jointure of an Irish peeress. They are always wives or widows of peers.

Young ladies are not considered eligible as "maids of honor" unless they are granddaughters of a peer, not of lower rank than an earl. They are almost invariably selected from among the daughters of the daughters or younger sons of peers, and are in a position which renders their salary of \$4,000 a year an object. The life of a "maid of honor" at the Court of Queen Victoria has been as free from all temptations to stoop to folly as that of the young ladies whom we read of in De Grammont's Memoirs; and "la belle Jennings," which have been handed down by him to posterity, would have been dreadfully bored by the Windsor of to-day, which, never lively for young ladies during the present reign, even at the best of times, is now duller than ever. The "maids of honor" retain their title of "honorable," which they receive on appointment, after they marry, but it is notable that their position is not considered to advance their prospects of making a good match, and, in fact, in a worldly point of view, they rarely marry well.

The Queen generally presents a "maid of honor" with a handsome present of money on her marriage, besides the hundred guinea cashmere shawl, which is her majesty's almost invariable gift. Many of them retain their positions long after they have reached middle life; and one lady, now retired, who was removed, and turned a deaf ear to repeated intimations that her resignation would be accepted, was old enough to have been her majesty's mother. There are always numerous applicants for all the positions about the Court; but at the same time many of those whom the Queen would particularly like to have about her, decline, and, indeed, unless money is a decided object, there is little inducement to persons in a high position to undertake such duties. In former days a close connection existed between Court places and politics, and it is a matter of history that the late Sir Robert Peel, at an early period in the present reign, declined to form a Government because the Queen refused to part with certain members of her household, "friends of her youth," whose influence Sir Robert considered would frustrate his own.

Now, however, except in the case of the mistress of the robes, which is regarded as a high office of state, a Minister very rarely raises objection to the presence of any particular lady, although no doubt if he did so she would be obliged to resign.

In London the ladies-in-waiting do not actually live at the palace, but are fetched and carried, according as their attendance is required, by a royal carriage placed at their disposal; but the "maids of honor" live at the palace, both in town and country. The Queen always shows kindly recollection of old servants deserving it, whether of high or low degree.

A MYSTERIOUS DUKE.

MR. AND MRS. MOTLEY have been recently paying a visit to Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's magnificent seat in Bedfordshire, England. The present duke is a mysterious being, who never exhibits himself to the outer world. He lives all the year round in a large mansion which occupies the centre of the northern side of Belgrave square. The present duke has not left London for twenty years, and never entertains company even there, but he places his ancestral home at the disposal of his cousin and heir, Mr. Hastings Russell, son of his uncle, Lord William Russell, by the daughter of the well-known first Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India. Although the duke never goes near Woburn, all is kept up there in the most perfect order, and no estates are better managed than his. Besides his property in Bedfordshire, he has immense possessions in Devonshire, including all that formerly belonged to the very wealthy Abbey of Tavistock. This was granted to his ancestor, with a vast deal more, by Henry VIII., and the Woburn property came in a similar way. The duke's income is not less than a million of dollars. Earl Russell has also been a guest during the American Minister's visit. He is uncle of the duke. The political influence of the family is still very considerable, notwithstanding that the head of the family takes no part whatever in politics. Politically, the Russells are decidedly Liberals.

MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

BLACK silk, fresh dyed, will burn spontaneously.

THE surface of bronze statues is preserved, at Berlin, by simply rubbing with oil.

THERE is a species of orchis growing in Madagascar which has a nectary from nine to fourteen inches in length.

M. SEDILLOT, of Paris, by means of an electrical apparatus, raises the temperature of his instruments to a white heat, and then performs any surgical operation, which is scarcely felt by the patient, as burns at that intense heat cause little or no pain.

THE question whether polygamy affects the proportions of the sexes in the births has been carefully studied by Dr. Campbell, of London, who concludes that the proportion of males and females born are just the same under polygamy as under monogamy.

AN assistant secretary of the British Astronomical Society, Mr. Williams, has found and translated the Chinese records of comets observed for 2,250 years, ending A.D. 1640. This is the only continuous registry of the kind in existence, and is expected to yield important results hereafter.

A SCIENTIFIC French gentleman, Dr. Laborde, has announced the discovery of an infallible means of distinguishing between real and imaginary death, by sticking a needle an inch or so into the body. The novel element of Dr. Laborde's discovery is, that in the living tissues the needle becomes tarnished and odorized, while in the defunct it retains its polish.

DARWIN has lately arrived at the wonderful generalization that flowers have become beautiful solely to attract insects to assist in their fertilization. It is a striking fact that those flowers which can be perfectly fertilized by the wind, and do not need the aid of insects, rarely or never have gayly-colored flowers. At least half the plants in the world have not bright-colored or beautiful flowers.

PURE iron is as white as silver. Professor Jacobi, of Russia, placed the quasi pure iron deposited by the action of the galvanic battery, and which is always rich in hydrogen, under the receiver of an air-pump, and heated it to redness, when it disengaged hydrogen in torrents, increasing in volume, and changing to a silver-white metal (the true iron), very malleable and ductile, and so soft as to be readily cut with a scissors.

A MARSHALL COUNTY (Ill.) letter to the Chicago Tribune says: "A cow belonging to Henry Foster, six miles west of Wenona, some two weeks ago, gave birth to a calf that still lives. The cow died that night, and, by an autopsy, fifty-five more calves, from the size of a rat to that of a mouse, were found, all of natural form. After showing them to some of the neighbors, Mr. Foster fed them to his hogs, not thinking what they were worth to science."

THE VENOM OF SCORPIONS.—Dr. Jousset, in the *Comptes Rendus*, concludes that the venom of the *Scorpio octatus* acts solely on the red globules of the blood by depriving them of the property of gliding over each other; thus they become an adhesive mass, which obstructs the circulation of the blood in the capillary portion of the vascular system. In the particular of a definite quantity being required to produce chemical action, this venom differs widely from virus which acts as a ferment.

THE planet Jupiter has been for three months presenting a spectacle of singular beauty. The equatorial belt, which for years has been the brightest, is not nearly so bright as the light belts to the north and south, which are of a pearly white. The central belt is of a rich golden yellow, instead of the white which it has shown for years. The dark bands between them are coppery red, while the poles and belts near them are ashen blue. It is suspected that Jupiter has not so far cooled down as to have ceased to be partially self-luminous.

EVAPORATION FROM FOLIAGE.—Von Pettenkofer has experimented with an oak tree during one season, to ascertain the amount of evaporation from its foliage. The number of leaves on the tree was estimated at 751,592. The rate of evaporation was found to increase from May to July, and the total amount of the evaporation was found to be eight and a half times more than that of the rain-fall. The excess must be drawn up by the roots from a great depth, and thus trees prevent the gradual drying of a climate by restoring to the air the moisture which would otherwise be carried off by drainage. This experiment clearly shows how climatic changes have been produced by planting trees.

MR. BRADFORD'S POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

HIS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ESQUIMAUX—THEIR APPEARANCE AND DWELLINGS.

AUTHORITIES differ widely on the origin of the name applied to the aborigines of the shores of all the seas, bays, inlets and islands of America north of latitude 60° N., from the east coast of Greenland to Behring's Straits. Charlevoix gives them a name signifying "eaters of raw fish;" Sir John Richardson, one meaning "those who mew;" the old Scandinavian settlers of Greenland expressed their dislike for them as being "screamers or wretches;" the seamen of the Hudson's Bay ships have long called them "Seymos" or "Suckemos;" while they speak of themselves as Inu-it, "the people."

With few exceptions, the whole of the vast region they inhabit lies beyond the most extreme limits of forest growth. The rough winds of the Polar Sea almost perpetually blow over their bleak domains. It may easily be supposed that a race whose Eastern branches have for several centuries been under the influence of the Danes and English, while in the West it has long been forced to submit to the Russian reign, and whose central and northern tribes rarely come into contact with Europeans, must show some variety in its manners and mode of life. It is curious, therefore, to observe how exactly, amidst all diversity of time and place, these people have preserved unaltered their habits and manners.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE ESQUIMAUX

is very striking; the broad, flat face, widest just below the eyes; the eyes small, black and lustreless, the forehead generally narrow, and tapering upward; all indicate a mongrel or Tartar type, differing greatly from the features of the continuous Red Indian tribes. Their complexion, when relieved of smoke and dirt, approaches more nearly to white than that of their copper-colored neighbors. Their bodies are of a dark gray color. Most of them are rather under the medium English size, but they are by no means a dwarfish race. Their head and limbs are large, hair coal-black and straight, and hands and feet small. Although their muscles are not so firm as those of European seamen, yet they surpass in bodily strength all the other natives of America. When young, the Esquimaux look cheerful and good-humored, and the females exhibit, when laughing, a set of very white and regular teeth. The women tastefully plait their straight, glossy hair, and quite generally tattoo their chin, forehead and cheeks. The males frequently pierce the lower lip near each angle of the mouth, and fill the apertures with labrets of blue or green quartz, or of ivory resembling buttons.

THE DRESS OF THE ESQUIMAUX

is admirably adapted to the severity of the climate—although it gives them the appearance of lumps of deformity waddling over the ice, uncouth and seemingly helpless.

The Smith's Straits fox-skin jumper, or *kapetah*, is a closed shirt, fitting very loosely to the person, but adapted to the head and neck by an almost air-tight hood, the *nessak*. The *kapetah* is put on from below; the arms of the wearer pass through the arms of the garment, and the head rises through a slit at the top; around this slit comes up the hood—being passed over the head from behind and made to embrace the face and forehead. Underneath the *kapetah* is a similar garment, but destitute of the hood, which is put on as we do an inner shirt. It is made of bird-skins, and is worn with the down next the body.

The hoods worn by the females are much larger than those used by the males, and not only furnish coverings for the head, but cradles for the babies. The boots of the females are remarkable, and are sometimes made so large in the legs as to resemble leather sacks, which give a singular and ludicrous aspect to the whole figure. The lower extremities are protected by a pair of bear-skin breeches called the *nannooke*. The junction between these body and leg coverings is so imperfectly met, that the Esquimaux, though so heavily clothed, constantly, when in action, transgress our notion of decency in apparel. The foot-gear consists of a short sock of bird-skin, with a padding of grass evenly distributed over the sole. Outside of this comes a bear-skin leg, abundantly wadded about the foot with dry straw.

THE HOUSEKEEPING OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

Sorry indeed would be the prospects of the Esquimaux if they were reduced to live upon the extremely limited produce of the soil; but the sea, with its cetaceans and fishes, amply provides for their wants. For this reason their dwellings are never located at any considerable distance from the water, and many of them spend long lives upon the coasts of the Arctic seas without ever visiting the interior plateaux.

When about to construct their rude huts, they first trace a circle on the smooth surface of the snow, and then cut slabs, for raising the walls, from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the house. The slabs for the dome are cut from some neighboring spot. The walls, being only three or four inches thick, admit a light which serves for ordinary purposes; if more is required, a window of stretched seal-skin is introduced. By constant practice, the Esquimaux can raise such huts almost as quickly as we could pitch a tent. The occupants are obliged to enter their huts on all-fours, through a long and narrow tunnel. Within, when the sleepers are collected together in a compact nude mass, the thermometer frequently would show a temperature equal to the ordinary summer heat in the latitude of New York city.



ESQUIMAUX APOLLO AND VENUS.



THE OLIVE BRANCHES.

In some cases the huts are constructed of stones, or earth, or driftwood, and in every locality they are well adapted to the climate. Benches are used as seats during the day and as couches during the night, the bedding being composed of reindeer-skins. In spite of its fragile materials, the snowhouse is durable, for the wind has little effect on its dome-like form, and it resists the thaw until the sun acquires a very considerable power.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

are from photographs collected by Mr. William Bradford, the celebrated artist, for purposes connected with his profession; they represent scenes at the Moravian settlement at Hopedale, Labrador. The first shows the winter hut of an Esquimaux family, a building not very dissimilar to the bomb-proofs erected by the army before Petersburg in our late



ESQUIMAUX WINTER LIFE.—THE HUTS, THE HUMANS, AND THE "HORSE."

war. Unfortunate, truly, is the Esquimaux who is not possessed of dogs, the "horses" or beasts of draught of the Arctic zone. For traveling purposes they are invaluable. The teams are always driven abreast, and the traces, of which there is one to each dog, are continually becoming tangled. With a good pack and ordinary ice, a sledge-party can make an average speed of ten knots an hour. The breed shown in the engraving has by climatic influences assumed the type of the well-known Newfoundland animal. Generally the Arctic dogs resemble the fox in shape, cunning and ferocity.

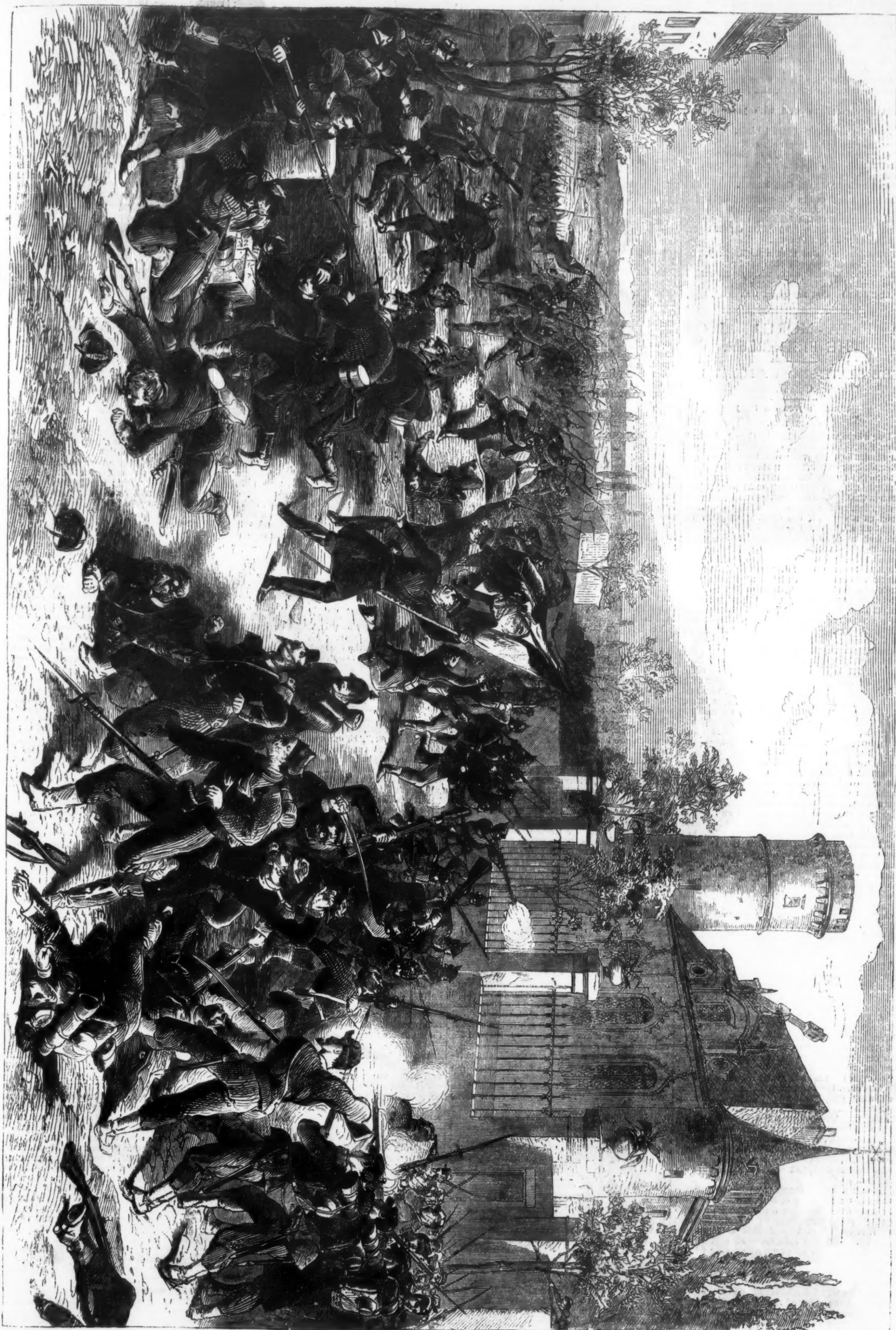
As the warm season comes on, dwellings are constructed somewhat like those of our own Indian tribes—tents of seal-skin, supported by saplings. The pictures of a father, his son and daughter, and a married couple, impart an accurate idea of the style of clothing already described.



ESQUIMAUX SUMMER LIFE.—LEATHER TENTS AND FISHING CANOES.

PICTURES OF ESQUIMAUX LIFE.—ENGRAVED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS COLLECTED BY MR. WILLIAM BRADFORD DURING HIS NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

INVESTMENT OF PARIS.—CHARGE OF THE SECOND DIVISION OF THE PRUSSIAN GUARD UPON LE BOURGET. NEAR ST. DENIS.—SEE PAGE 331.



OUT AT SEA,

"That is the gallant ship that will bear
Me over the seas," you said;
And you carelessly hummed a merry air,
And it gave me a moment for silent prayer,
But I knew that my heart was dead.

"Are you going—how soon—and is it for
long?"

Or something like these were my words;
But my voice was strange, and the sun looked
wrong,
And my brain ran wild with your careless
song,
And the singing of hateful birds.

"To-morrow," you answered, quietly,
But the words fell down like blows;
And the scent of the roses sickened me,
And a fog fell over the land and sea,
And over my heart, God knows.

The ship sailed out in the morning light
And the wind blew wild and free,
And the crown of the billows, crested white,
And the fog and the mist rolled out of sight,
But never away from me.

The sea-bird wheeled with a wailing cry,
And onward the good ship sped;
And I stood on the beach, where you and I
Wandered oft, in the days gone by,
And I knew that my heart was dead.

A FATA-MORGANA OF
THE FISHERIES.THE DEATH-SHIP OF PORTUGAL
COVE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER IV.

But where was Jose all this time? He had been last seen standing, with Mary Peard, not far from where the poor dead bodies lay; and after that, no one had taken much note of him. No one but George Martin seemed to have seen him again, or was able to say he had or had not been in the Cove. George was the only witness, truly; but, as the policeman said, "One is as good as a dozen, if the one's word goes for aught at all." And the whole thing fitted in too well to allow of much doubt. So, when Jose came back the next day, saying he had been at Placentia over night, it was of no avail for him to swear that he had set out before Trescat, or that he had been at Placentia at such and such an hour, and that he had witnesses to prove it. He might have run; he might have ridden; he might have taken short cuts across the fields; he might have done a hundred things which would have brought him to the town at the time he said, if even he could substantiate that fact; and yet he might have lain in wait for Trescat on his way, and have put a bullet in his head at the top of the cliffs.

Besides, his going to Placentia at all on such a night, and after such a day's work, was suspicious in itself. It was too evidently a blind, they all said or thought; and Jose found his case weakened, not strengthened, by the truth. Again, all the men were to the fore when they mustered on the hill after they heard the shot; he, and he alone, was missing. And how could one of them have done it, when they all came out of their huts, old Martin among them? No one exactly remembered seeing old Martin come out of his own house-door, nor George, for the matter of that; but then George gave the first alarm, and he was there; and Martin was at their heels before they had got half way. To be sure, Mary Peard declared that Jose had taken leave of her and quitted the Cove an hour before sundown, and they all knew Trescat had staid a good two hours longer. But George Martin's oath went further than Mary's assertion. All that she could say was that Jose had taken leave of her, and that, to the best of her belief, he had gone right away to Placentia about his money there and then. George said he had not; and, as Mary had kept indoors after that, she was not likely to know for certain when he had really left, or whether he had or had not staid on, as George declared, and followed Mr. Trescat up the cliff. So, when the poor lad came back next day, he was arrested in full view of them all, and the net closed round him as if there would be never a slack string again.

At first he was too overwhelmed to say much. He only protested his innocence. "All men do when they are first took," said the policeman, sententiously. But when George Martin swore to his having followed Trescat up the cliff, he turned round upon him fiercely, and said: "George, thou art a liar, and thou knows it!"

However, the magistrate before whom they all went plainly thought George Martin an honest man, for he complimented him on the frank and straightforward way in which he gave his evidence; and though he liked the looks of Jose, and felt sorry for him in his heart, yet he could do nothing else, as things stood, but commit him to prison on the charge of wilful murder, to stand his trial at the next assizes.

It was a bright sunny day when the charge was taken; but many of the Cove men noticed, as they came home in a wandering group together, that George Martin was white and cold as if it had been winter with snow on the ground. The Cove folk believed that when a man had committed perjury he never felt the sunlight again, never saw its brightness, but stricken with worse than ordinary blindness, with more than physical coldness, saw nature only as he was himself—cold, pale and dreary, whatever the glory of the sun or the blaze of the noontide warmth.

When Mary Peard met him face to face, she cried out, as the blood left her own lips for horror, "He's got the liar's look on him, and he'll have the liar's doom."

All crowded round her as she said these

words. They expressed the unspoken thought of a good many among them. And George, instead of meeting her look fairly, as an honest man would, cowered and trembled visibly, putting up his hands before him as if to defend himself against her; then, lifting up his eyes piteously to hers, he said, "Don't ye, Mary; don't ye! If you curse me, I shall die."

"Die!" echoed Mary, scornfully. "Men like you, George, and who have done as you have, don't die for a girl's word. If you could die of shame or sorrow, you'd do it now, with Jose in prison yonder and you standing a free man here. But your sin will find you out, George Martin," she added. "As sure as there's a God in heaven you'll suffer for this day's work. You cannot see the sun now, and worse 'll come of it."

"Come! come! we've had enough of this," said old Daniel, coming forward with an air of authority. "George, what's over you, boy, that you stand as if you were 'mazed to hear the ill words of a half-crazed piece like this? Poor wench!" he added, "we must not be hard on her. Jose's neck 'll get stretched for this business, if ever a man's will!"

"And I don't say whose ought," flashed out Mary, turning round and facing old Martin. Why did he lower his eyes, too, as George had done, and seem unable to meet those burning orbs of hers? "I'd be sorry to lay that on any man among ye; but I do say that George, there, knows he lied. And I say more: that not one of us here 'll die before the true man's known, and Jose's name is cleared. Mind what I say, boys: the man among ye as did it will have to face it out; and I said it once, and I'll say it again." Here she raised her hands, while her voice rose to a wild scream. "May the curse of God light on the murderer and the Cove, till the truth is known, and the Death-ship comes for him!"

"The child is off her head!" said Martin, quietly; but he wiped the cold drops from his upper lip as he spoke, while George shook from head to foot as if he had the ague. The rest of the men all drifted away, most of them looking scared as they talked in hushed voices among each other.

Besides this shame resting on poor Mary, she had lost all now but her own poor sea-work. Jose was in prison, worse than dead for the time; and though George Martin would willingly have coined his blood for gold and given it to her, she would accept no kind of help from him or hers. Fishing, too, was bad, and their share, hers and her mother's, brought nothing. She wrought early and late; she hawked fish about the country; she worked at rude fieldwork for any one who would employ her, and nothing came amiss to her.

But she still said George Martin nay, and still held to her faith in Jose's innocence.

Yet nothing that she could do or say would hold George Martin off. Day by day he came to her cottage, no matter with what scorn she received him; no matter, either, how badly he sped on any errand he had undertaken. The men said he was bewitched, and they jeered him covertly. But she had no pity for him; only abhorrence and denial. She would take nothing at his hands. If he came to give her a length of net to make, she who caught eagerly at any work, no matter what, flung back this, to which she had been used from her childhood and which was good pay for comparatively easy labor. Though she hawked fish about the country, grateful to take it from any one who would trust her, when it was not hers by right of her share, she would have none of the Martins' catch; and when he left bread or what not surreptitiously in her cottage, she seemed to have a kind of instinct as to where it came from, and biding her time, would throw his gifts on to the road before him as he passed. A savage, untamable ferocity seemed to have taken possession of her so far as he was concerned, and the more he sought her good will, the more she scorned and forbade him.

Once she said to him solemnly, "When Jose Carne comes down to the Cove a free man, George, I'll eat at your hand, and give you my own upon it. You could bring him down with a word; and you leave him in jail for want of it. While he's there and you here never ask me to take the value of a crust from you, or give you a friend's word."

Another day, when he brought her a string of small fish, and asked her with tears to take them from him, she flung back his hand with a fierce disdain, though she had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and said, with the old flash in her eyes, "I take a gift from the hand of a man who cannot feel the sun? No; I'd die of hunger first!"

And George knew that she would, and shivered as he slunk away in the broad sunlight, of which he neither felt nor saw a ray.

"If only I could feel that sun again!" he said to himself. "If only I could see it shine as I used!"

Vain wish! That would never return to him again. By his own act he had put out the light of heaven, and nothing now would restore what he himself had destroyed. Can we ever recover the light of heaven we ourselves put out by sin?

CHAPTER V.

Nothing went well with Martin, and never, within the memory of the oldest fisherman in the Cove, was such a series of misfortunes known to have overtaken any one. Persistent ill-luck followed him in all he did, on land or on sea, in house and in boat. When every man about him hailed in fish as fast as the line could be pulled up, he and young George had nothing to show but naked hooks and lost bait; his best boat got jammed among the rocks, and was broken up into splinters before they could get her off; his cottage caught fire and was half burned down before it could be put out; and his potatoes were a failure, though every other man's crop showed flowers and fruit, and were as sound as they were fine; the bank in

which he had placed a hundred pounds of his savings broke, and paid a dividend so small that it was practically worthless as a set-off; and, though certainly he had something hidden beneath his bed which would have redeemed all his failures ten times over, yet he had become cowardly of late, and dared not utilize what he had done so much to obtain—what he had lost his soul to gain!

George, too, had lost his health and strength, strangely and suddenly. No one knew what ailed him, and to call it "a waste" did not help even the fisherfolk to understand it much.

Yet for all his illness and ill-luck, and Mary's unwavering disdain, George held on to his one hope, his one object. Jose would be hanged, there was no doubt of that; his evidence would be too strong against him; his evidence—and he looked up at the sky, and thought he had sold himself too dearly if his hope should turn out to be but a delusion in the end. And yet what could Mary do when Jose was put out of the way forever?

Restless and miserable, father and son put out to sea in spite of the omens which sea and sky both showed. All last night the fishermen said the dead had been "hailing their own names," calling out from the deep where they lay; and the fog bank across the mouth of the little harbor was a sign to those bolder spirits who did not believe in dead men's voices that they were best ashore to-day, and until matters looked clearer. Not a same man of all the Cove would have ventured out with such a sea and sky; but the Martins, impelled by that restless misery which had possessed them of late, loosed their boat and pushed off, careless of all the warnings nature or the dead might give. So they rowed out in the dead calm of the bay and into the bank of fog, and beyond.

Hours passed, and they did not return. Many were the anxious looks cast out for signs of the absent boat; but they could see nothing of her.

At last, just at sunset, they spied her far away, sailing, as it seemed to them, a little wildly. But though she came on well enough, she came like a boat that is not steered, but is just dependent on the winds for her course. And look as long as they might, they could see no man in her; and her course was perilously like making for Death's Head Rock, which stood about five miles away. Then the night closed in, and they saw no more. And with the night came a dead, dull calm. The wind fell as suddenly as it had risen; but they knew the boat had her oars on board, and they expected she would row in, if she did not stand off for the night.

When the morning came it brought no change of weather. Still that dead, dull calm, with the storm brewing in the distance. As the men gathered on the cliffs, and mounted the rocks on the sands, they looked out again for the boat, and a cry went round as they saw her drifting with the current close on Death's Head Rock. They manned a boat, and went out to her relief.

The men pulled hard and well, and in due time neared her. They shouted when they came within hail, but no one answered. Had it been that dreaded Death-ship itself it could not have been more silent. But the sun caught a strange red patch on the boat's side, and one of the men said, below his breath, "That's blood, mates!" but the others kept silence. They liked the words badly enough, and the look of things worse; but they pulled with a will, and soon got alongside the drifting boat, and boarded her.

In the bottom lay young George, dead. He had evidently been dead for many hours, for he was quite stiff and cold; but the men did not at first make out exactly how he had died, till they saw a dark blue mark on his throat, which looked as if it had been made by a hand, and that his eyes were starting and his mouth covered with a bloody froth. He had been strangled, sure enough; but by whom? At his feet lay old Martin, bleeding and insensible. He had been stabbed twice, and a knife, crusted with blood from blade to haft, was found close to where young George lay. The old man, however, was alive, if unconscious; and by degrees the friendly cares of his mates revived him, and he opened his eyes once more to the day. When questioned as to what had happened, he only shook his head and would give no answer; but he said that he wanted a doctor to be fetched as soon as he got home, and that then, maybe, he would have something to tell. Further than this he would say nothing; so they wrapped him up in a sail, and set out on their terrible return home.

When they reached home, the doctor was sent for; and he told the old man, what he knew by this time himself, that he was dying, and there was no hope for him. He would give him twelve hours, he said, but only twelve; so, what he had to prepare, all he had to say, must be said and done now, if he would not leave it undone for ever.

"Send for Captain James," said Martin, in a low voice. "I must talk to him."

Captain James was the nearest magistrate; he who had committed poor Jose to prison; and when it was known that he had been sent for, the whole Cove was in a state of excitement, like a hive of bees about to swarm, clustering round about Dan Martin's place, as if the very garden palings could tell them all they burned to know. And when Captain James came, Martin made his confession fairly out from end to end. He told him all: how that he had had a lifelong, if unexpressed, feud with Trescat, because of that early smuggling matter, which had rankled; and how he had vowed to be one day even with him; and how he had kept his vow on the night of the wreck, taking old Carne's gun with him that suspicion might fall on Jose—so easy to be suspected because of the quarrel in the morning—who would thus be out of his son's way. And he justified himself, if things had gone as they should. But, now that he was about to die, he might as well tell the truth as let Jose suffer,

George being gone, too. He was willing to leave behind him the shame of one confessed murder rather than go down to the grave carrying the guilt of two kept secrets. As for the thing they saw in his boat, he could tell them but little more than what they had seen and guessed for themselves. It came quite suddenly. George's face changed so that his own mother would not have known him. He had seen nothing like it except in pictures and on the rocks of an evening, when the shadows were long. He supposed he lost his mind all of a sudden; for, without an ill word between them, George fastened on him with the knife, and said he was the devil, and must be killed. He had to choke him off to save himself; but he did not know that he had killed him; indeed, he knew no more after he had seen his own blood till they found him as they had; and he didn't count killing George a murder like Trescat's.

The confession was made quietly, but with many pauses, and much pain; then the old man shut his eyes and lay back, as if dying; but the doctor said he would last till well into the night, and the magistrate ordered the policeman to watch him.

He rallied for a short time after this, and himself sent for Mary Peard to come and sit by him; and the only sign of emotion he showed through it all was when his dying eyes rested on her famine-wasted face, so sorrowful, so stricken as it was.

"Can you forgive me, Mary?" he asked, and tears softened his eyes and choked his voice.

"Now that you've righted Jose, yes, Dan, I forgive you," she answered, trembling.

"But you've cursed me, Mary; you've called the Death-ship on me. Can't you lift the curse off me, and let me die as a man should?"

"I can't unsay what I've said, Dan," was her answer, very quietly and very pitifully made; "but I'll pray for you now that my words may pass."

She knelt down by the bed, and began a poor little tearful prayer; but Dan Martin stopped her.

"Too late, too late, now," he said, feebly. "It's done, girl, and as the tree falls, so it must lie. Good-night, Mary; I can't see you now. Poor George! and he couldn't see the sun!" and I daren't say God bless you—I would if I dared."

Just before the day began to break, the men on the lookout saw a black, square-rigged ship come gliding suddenly on shore. She came as if from the clouds, and was on them before they knew she was there. No man was aboard of her, no steersman at her helm, no watch on her deck, no light at her bows. With all sails set, she came against wind and tide, the sea showing no line in her wake, and no foam flung off at her prow, gliding close in shore and skirting the rocks as if she had known her way like a living being. Suddenly they heard a strange voice say, as if from the clouds: "The hour has come, but where is the man?" Then another voice thundered back from the ship, and called "Daniel Martin" by name. The old man started up in bed as he heard the summons, and the pale face, from being tranquil as the face of one passing away, became such as would haunt those who saw him for their lives. He stretched out his hands, and cried out for mercy—for mercy of nothing seen, only of something felt—a vague and terrible Presence, as if the room was full of some dark, nameless horror, whose very vagueness made it more terrifying. Then the voice called "Daniel Martin" again, and once again, and at the third time, with a shriek that startled the whole Cove, the old man died, and the square-rigged, black-hulled ship glided out as she had come in, and was lost in an instant from the sight. It was the Death-ship Mary had invoked, and by its fulfillment the curse was lifted from the Cove.

The rest may soon be told. Jose Carne's innocence was established as clear as noonday, and he was released none the worse in repute, if dashed in spirits for a time by his imprisonment. Innocence, however, is a wonderful help to a man; and if he was sadder than when he came singing down the path with Mary on his arm, not so long ago, he was not one to let his life be rendered useless even for such a fre as he had passed through. So he married Mary out of hand, and they left Portugal Cove and its sad and terrible memories forever!

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"OLIVIA, dear child, I knew you would not fall me!" exclaimed Algernon Dacre, as the light step of his young ward approached the confines of the wood, where he was awaiting her on the evening of the following day. "I grieve to put your courage to the test, but I must not be known to be in the neighborhood of the Castle, and I could not leave England without seeing you, and bidding you farewell."

Had Olivia cherished the wildest shadow of the idea suggested by Lady Alice, on the previous day, it must have vanished at the calm, grave affection which his words and manner expressed. It was that of a guardian, a true and loving friend, but that was all.

"Thank you, so much," she said, softly; "but must you go?"

"I must, Olivia," he replied. "Why should I remain? You are my only tie to my country, and I can do nothing for you for long years to come, save to shadow your young life by my gloomy destiny."

"And Lady Alice!" she whispered. "What of her?"

"What of her?" he repeated, sternly. "Olivia, can you ask? She is the betrothed bride of him whom I am perforce compelled to

call brother, and that in three short months from the day when she vowed lasting and deep love for me. She has planted yet another dagger in my heart. But it is my destiny, and it may not be for long."

Olivia forgot all in the deep despair of that tone—all but his unhappiness and her desire to heal the festering wound.

"That is unworthy of you," she said. "We are not only sent into the world to be happy, but to bear nobly, and to perform faithfully the duties intended for us. You would not have a soldier throw away his life because he was not happy in the service of his country, would you?"

She gazed up in his face with those soul-inspiring eyes of hers, that went warm and animating to his chilled heart.

"You will not desert your post," she went on, "nor your poor ward, who has no real friend in the world but you? And, besides, Lady Alice loves you—loves you still, though her whole nature is torn and fevered with doubts of you, and with secret accusations against you. She is wretched, wretched as you can be, Algernon, and she has made me promise to demand of you a parting interview."

Captain Dacre's brow grew dark. "To what avail?" he asked—"to what avail? To torture me, and triumph in her power; and repeat to her more favored lover the misery she had witnessed? I will not see her, Olivia."

"You must, indeed you must," said the girl. "I cannot forfeit my word, and you would only feel remorse and regret afterward for the refusal. Hear what she has to allege, what she has heard, and what has prompted her to betray you."

"Olivia, I do know it," he replied.

"And it is false!" she said.

"From my very soul I believe it to be false," said Algernon; "and if I live, it shall be to disprove it, if there is justice on this side the grave."

"Tell her so; see whether she will not return to her old allegiance, her old trust in you!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly. "For my sake, Algernon, see her, and tell her all. She cannot doubt you then, she cannot mistake between you and that dark, stern man."

"Olivia," he said, firmly, "it shall be as you ask, but not for the reason that you ask it. If you imagine that I would strive to vindicate myself, in order to win back the love that I once valued more than life itself, you are utterly deceived in me. Alice Dorville, without rank or fortune, but true, and lovely, and winning as an houri, I would have knelt in the very dust to win for my bride; but not for the carload and estates of Ashton, scarcely even to rebut and disprove the slander that is the curse of my life, would I stoop to receive back the love so cruelly taken from me. Tell Lady Alice I will see her at her own time and place; and when she has decided on her conduct, come to me here; or stay—let it be near the park gates, Olivia, in that winding shrubby walk, at six, or, if you like, five, to-morrow morning, ere any one will be near. Bring me her answer, and I will then tell you more of

my plans and purposes. Will you, dare you venture on this early walk, little one?"

"I could not be afraid where you were," she said, simply; "but I do think it will be better to meet there, because it is further from the house, and I should not like your brother to see you, or to dream that you were near. It might seem—"

"Seem what?" he asked, quickly.

"Seem as if you were afraid of him and the light of day," she replied, proudly. "And I could not endure that for you—anything but that."

He could see the haughty flush in the pale moonlight, that spoke more forcibly than words, the indomitable and high soul that habited the fragile form before him.

"You are right, Olivia," he said, gravely; "right in your principles, and right also in trusting in my just purpose for all that I feel compelled to do. Now leave me, dear Olivia. I will see you safe on the terrace before I depart."

"Oh, I am safe, quite safe," she said earnestly. "Do not—do not, I entreat you; it might work evil to both. You must not run the slightest risk of being discovered near the Castle."

Hastily pressing his hand, she flew from the spot, and in a few more moments she was safely sheltered in her own familiar apartments. Then she could sit down, to still the fluttering of her heart, and think calmly over what had been seen, said, done, and purposed, during the last few hours.

That night Geoffrey Dacre had for the first time ventured to offer to Alice Compton the attentions of an accepted lover. He had sat by her side with the undefinable air of right which belongs to such a character. He had claimed, as it were, her ear; he had asked for his passionately loved melodies with more the feeling and manner of one asking his due than the doubtful supplications that belong to a timid admirer of the fair songstress. And Alice had endured all and responded to all, if not with the blushing happiness and pretty coquetry of a new betrothed, at least with the patient and unresisting compliance of a plighted wife. And when the "good-night" had been spoken, and a meaning pressure of the hand had been permitted, without the fingers being withdrawn too suddenly from his grasp, Sir Geoffrey knew that Alice intended at least to act her part, though he knew well she did not feel the emotions and the affection which belonged to an affianced bride.

Was he happy? Was he triumphant as he entered his chamber, and dismissing his valet, after a brief attendance, threw himself into an easy-chair, and began to think over the future, not the past? Geoffrey Dacre dared not—strong man that he was, and all unscrupulous in his stern will, he did not venture to look back on the events of the last twelvemonth. But at least he would enjoy what he had so hardly won. He would not permit the prize which had been obtained with such fearful expense of—he dared not to himself acknowledge what—to escape him.

"I will not be a fool," he muttered. "I have been driven to deeds that some might shrink from; but that is past. Now I will snatch the fruit that I have gone through fire and water to pluck."

Ah, Geoffrey Dacre, was it not a blood-red "water," that in which you had swam so recklessly? Had it not left its stains on the hands and heart?

A violent crackling of the firewood attracted his attention, and turning his head suddenly, he perceived a small twisted and closely gummed billet lying on the floor at his feet. How it came there, and how long it had lain there, was a mystery that savored of magic in his eyes, for certainly his servant would have called his attention to it, had he been aware of its arrival; and he himself could scarcely have sat so long close to the small missive without his eyes being attracted to its peculiar form, and the bold characters in which it was directed to himself. He examined it for some seconds ere he opened it, and his lips compressed angrily as he scanned the familiar handwriting of the outside. He knew the

hand. It belonged to one whose existence he could have willingly been able to forget. At last, by a strong effort of will, and with a muttered oath trembling on his lips, he tore the envelope apart. It was very brief, and without signature or address, though a date (that of the current day) was at the top of the small page. But his heavily knit brow, and the fierce stamp of his foot, as he read, proved that the importance of its contents were disproportioned to its length. He looked once again, as if to fix the words in his brain. Then his rage appeared to find relief in tearing the sheet in a hundred pieces, and watching them burn in the fierce, crackling flames, scarcely hotter or fiercer than his own passions. But three or four words escaped him: "Idiots, to rush on fate! It is inevitable, and I will not pause in my career."

He thought for some time; then he carefully arranged his wearing apparel for the morning, as if the services of a valet were unknown to him, and then, extinguishing his light, he stepped into bed, though the tumultuous and fevered brain promised little prospect of sleep.

Ah, Geoffrey Dacre, haughty, violent, unconquerable as thou believest thyself to be, time alone can show whether thy evil passions and daring crimes were not working out the all-wise purposes of a just Heaven.

The morning had dawned bright and lovely as the advent of May could warrant, even in the loveliest and most advanced of spring seasons. The glowing beams of the rising sun fell on the glittering grass-blades crystallized with dew, on the delicate green leaves of the budding woods, the gay flowerets just opening their fair petals to the genial warmth, on birds flying gladly and joyously from their nests, and animals raising their heads in unconscious homage to their Creator. It was indeed one of the fairest scenes of the whole year, and one of the most delicious hours of the day.

The sun had scarcely risen when Algernon Dacre reached the appointed rendezvous. It was before the hour that he had mentioned, but his night had been so fevered and disturbed that he was thankful to feel the cool refreshing air of morning; and he either wished to think, or really did believe, that Olivia might have been as restless as himself, and forestalled the actual moment of meeting. But his watch warned him on his arrival that it was but half-past four, and with a bitter smile at his own impatience he turned on his heel, and walked in the direction nearer to the house, along the broad shrubby path.

He walked up and down about two hundred yards, with a quick firm tread, when, just as he had reached, for the second time, the spot nearest to the entrance of the walk, he heard a step advancing in an opposite direction. He turned quickly. No doubt it was Olivia, and he hastened to meet her; but, as he passed rapidly along, there was a noiseless movement in the thick recess of the trees, and a face momentarily bent forward from its concealment to watch the coming rencontre. Then, as the meeting of the new-comer and the long-expectant became imminent, the head was drawn back, and all further information was trusted to the quick ears.

Algernon walked quickly on; but the steps were as rapid as his own, and he had not passed the spot where the figure lay in ambush twenty yards, ere the new-comer appeared round the sharp turn of the winding walk.

The first glance arrested Algernon, and well-nigh rooted his feet to the ground. It was not Olivia, but his fierce and ruthless brother, whom he beheld advancing toward him. For a moment he was paralyzed with astonishment, and a bitter sense of mortification that Geoffrey should have detected his presence there, at such an hour, and in that apparent concealment. He feared for Olivia, and the consequences to her, if she immediately appeared on the scene; and the only course open to him was to cut short the unavoidable interview as quickly as possible. Geoffrey's face certainly boded little chance of an amicable meeting, had Algernon's bitter wrongs permitted him to exchange even the common courtesies of life with the slanderer of his mother and the usurper of his rights.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE largest cotton-seed oil works in the South are at Memphis.

EMERSON has been fifteen years writing his "Natural History of the Intellect."

BROOKLYN is about to build the largest sewer in the United States, its diameter for two miles being eleven feet.

THE season in the South is the severest ever known, and the Florida oranges have turned to water-ice *au naturel*.

THE Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Ill. will cost \$152,750. The casting of the statue has been begun at Chicopee, Mass.

A WEDDING celebrated last week at North Church, Middletown, Conn., was the second held there in one hundred years.

ANOTHER American fishing schooner, the Wampusk, seized last June, has just been forfeited with stores and cargo, at Halifax.

THE House, January 9th, passed the bill providing for a centennial exhibition of the industry of all nations, at Philadelphia, in 1876.

MISS VAN LEW, the Richmond postmistress abolishes the franking privilege by refusing to send letters franked by any Congressman but one in Richmond.

ROME'S Pantheon, her oldest temple and most perfect relic, and the tomb of Raphael, will be granted by Victor Emmanuel to the Protestants for a place of worship.

A HUNDRED persons living near Cincinnati propose subscribing \$1,000 each for the establishment of a private hotel in that city, for the sole use of themselves and their families.

THE Tyne and another English crew, and the Ward Brothers, are expected to compete in the next international regatta, and some of the best American yachts will be present.

RHODE ISLAND believes the hoof-disease contagious, and her Legislature is urged to pass an ordinance prohibiting the passage of cattle through the highways until after inspection.

THE veterans of the National Guard held their annual ball at the Seventh Regiment Armory, January 9th. A novelty was the presence of ladies. Unanimous verdict: Guilty of a delightful ball.

CALIFORNIA records for 1870 include three memorable industrial events—the shipment of the first bale of home-raised silk, the raising of the first successful crop of cotton, and the first success in the manufacture of beet-sugar.

SITKA has been nearly depopulated by the exodus of the entire consistory of the Greek Church there, from Arch-Priest Cedroebanski down. They have migrated to San Francisco, where they will join the sacerdotal force of the Greek cathedral soon to be erected.

THE Life Insurance Companies are jubilant in Philadelphia. During the past week a number of persons of very great age died there. Fourteen died between 70 and 80 years; seven between 80 and 90; one between 90 and 100, and one between 100 and 110 years. The total number who died, whose ages were above 70, was twenty-three.

THE water phenomena of 1871 are attracting much study. The Cochituate supply is very low, and Boston, in view of the liquor laws of the State, is wondering what she is to drink. Croton is failing, and New York is correspondingly thirsty. Meantime the sea is retiring from our Northern coast, and the stranded oysters are demanding to be put in their little bed.



MR. SUMNER QUOTES MACBETH: "I WILL PROCEED NO FURTHER IN THIS BUSINESS."



FOR AND AGAINST.



FOOLISH UNCLE SAM.—KEEPING CUBA OUT OF DOORS, WHILE SANTO DOMINGO IS DRAGGED IN AT THE WINDOW.



MR. SUMNER: "GOOD HEAVENS! AFTER SWALLOWING FOUR MILLION?" THE PRESIDENT: "CERTAINLY. I WANT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE FOR A DESSERT."



PORT FOR AMERICA'S PHANTOM NAVY.

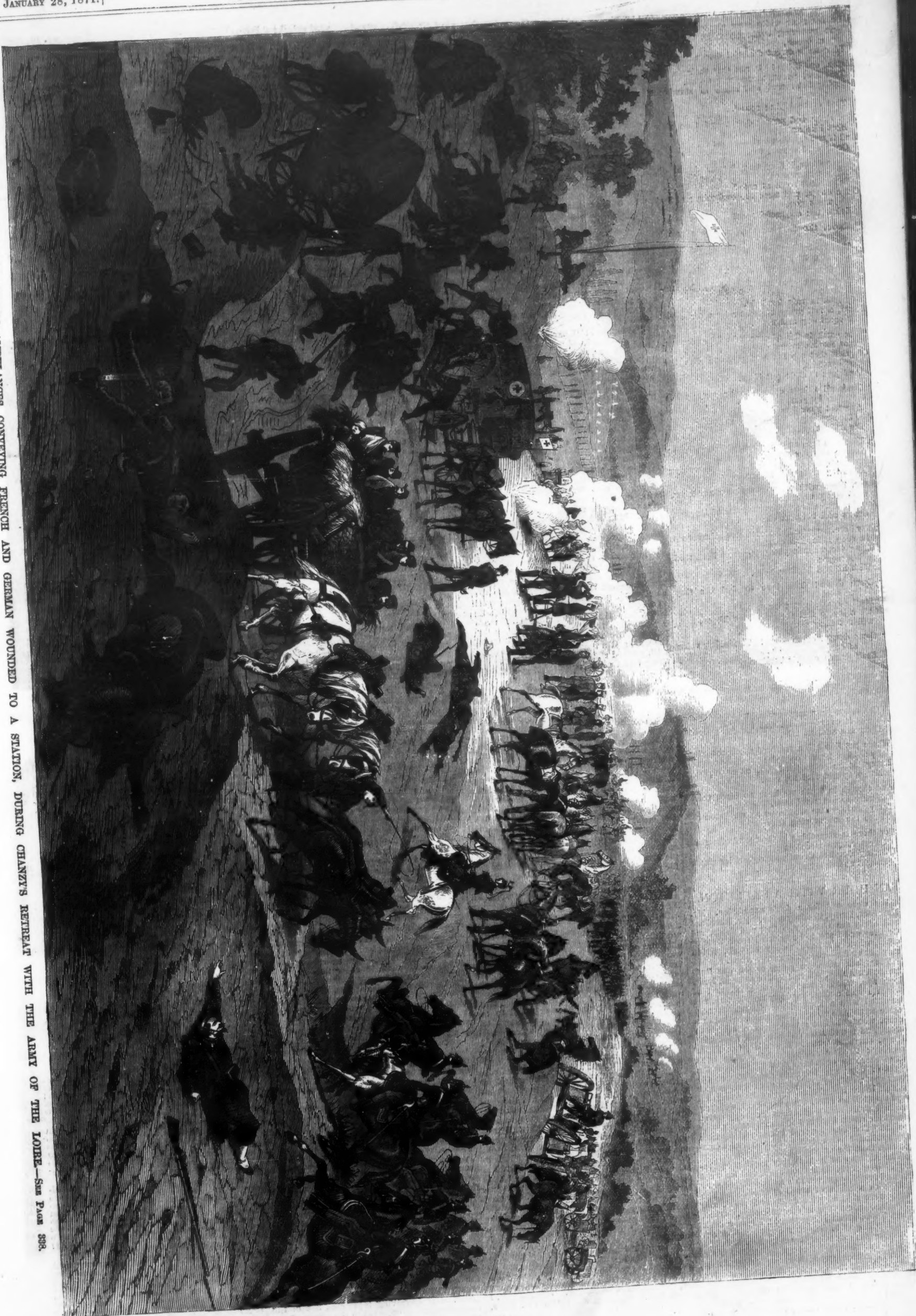
SOME IDEAS AND NOTIONS TO BE RESPECTFULLY LAID BEFORE THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.



INVESTMENT OF PARIS.—PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THEIR QUARTERS NEAR THE CAPITAL: "CAFÉ AU COGNAC," CHESS, GUN-CLEANING AND STUDY IN A FRENCH SALON.—SEE PAGE 338.



INVESTMENT OF PARIS.—SCENE ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING VILLIERS: BIVOUAC OF THE LIVING AND BIVOUAC OF THE UNBURIED DEAD.—SEE PAGE 338.



THE PRUSSIAN SANITARY SYSTEM—AMBULANCES CONVEYING FRENCH AND GERMAN WOUNDED TO A STATION, DURING CHANZY'S RETREAT WITH THE ARMY OF THE LOIRE.—See Page 333.

THE SIRENS.

Look down—far downward! Are not those the Sirens?

Do not their white arms gleam,
Where wavering sunbeams light the depths
of ocean,

Like some sweet doubtful dream?
Listen, oh, listen! Is not that their singing?
That low, sweet, murmuring sound,
Steeping both soul and sense in slumbrous
music,
That ever-eddy round.

Now sinks and pauses dying, and then rises,
Most like an organ's swell;
And if the words be theirs that fill my fancy,
Or mine, I cannot tell.

"Come down," they sing, "come down, oh,
weary mortal,
With heart so ill at ease!
Come down, and taste the cool calm rest that
waits you,
Below the changeless seas!

"Above, the fiery summer sunbeams scorch
you,
And the hard winter chills.
Below, is neither burning heat of summer,
Nor yet the cold which kills.

"Above, your eyes are blinded by the sun-
shine,
Or look in vain for light.
Below, a soft green twilight reigns for ever,
Of equal day and night.

"The earth is full of care, of wild endeavor,
That seldom brings success,
Of griefs that sap the strength, and dim the
eyesight,
And joys that do not bless.

"There all things change—your very griefs
pass by you
And fast your joys decay,
And the strong passions of your hate and anger
Die fruitlessly away.

"Life fleeth fast, and felleth quickly from you;
Your once warm loves grow cold;
Your youth is full of toll; your age is weary;
And so your tale is told!

"But, stir with us, no weariness nor labor,
Shall stilt your dreamlike ease.
And the fierce fire of passion, and of longing,
Grows cool beneath the seas.

"For here, perpetual pleasures steep the senses
In deep unbroken calm,
Closing the wounds you bring from life's wild
struggle
With its soft healing balm.

"Come down! You love to feel the tiny
wavelets
Steal round about your feet.
If 'tis a joy to feel their sportive kisses,
Will not their clasp be sweet?

"Come down! come down! The lulling voice
of ocean
Shall drown earth's harsher noise;
And you shall taste how rest that is unbroken
Outweighs her chiefest joys."

Oh, cease, sweet voices! cease your witching
music,
Cease ere your song prevail!
Ah!—it is over!—and I was but dreaming
Upon the ancient tale,

Where yet lies hid a truth of subtle meaning,
By noblest hearts confessed;
Except as he becometh beast, or angel,
Man may not find his rest.

And though in truth we hear no Siren voices
Luring to shameful ease,
Yet yearnings rise within us as we listen
Unto the murmuring seas;

For there is something in the sound of waters
Sweeter than sweetest mirth,
Uttering aloud the soul's unspoken longings,
Sought and unfound on earth.

AN HOUR WITH A SKELETON.

We were out for a day's expedition. Mr. Marchant, Emily, Geoffrey and I. Mr. Marchant and Emily are Geoffrey's father and sister, and Geoffrey and I are to be married some time or other, when we have money enough, which may not be for—goodness knows when.

The place we were going to see was Redmonesden Abbey, where I had once been, long, long ago, when I was a small child, and of which I had a dim, shadowy recollection, not unmingled with a kind of weird awe. It now came upon us suddenly, for it was buried in a deep, woody hollow; there was a bridge to cross, and round it was a ditch, half filled with slimy, stagnant water. It was a place fit for secrecy; deeds were reputed to have been done there in old times that did not bear the light of day; and for such deeds it was the very spot; no one could have heard scream or shriek there but the cawing rooks overhead, and they tell no tales. The very gray, weather-stained walls had a gloom and an oppression about them that I never had seen upon any walls before. Can the material take anything from the spiritual? Can scenes of crime take a complexion from the crimes themselves?

The Abbey was in tolerably good preservation. One of the doors was open, and we went in, and found ourselves in a long, lofty, narrow hall, with a flight of steps at the end. The walls were stained with damp and mold, and the place smelt like a charnel-house. Once, when I was about six years old, I read a book called "The Children of the Abbey"—I am not quite sure whether it was by Mrs. Radcliffe or not—but though I had not thought of it for years, I remembered it now distinctly. I seemed to hold it—with its small, black, grease-stained cover—in my hand, and to have the same feeling I had when the heroine, with whom I identified myself completely, wanders in the dead of night through a series of pas-

sages—something like the hall where we then were—from which there was no outlet except by hidden trapdoors. By this time we had reached the end of the hall. I told myself I was intensely foolish for this strong feeling of the supernatural that had begun to possess me. I always went in for being strong-minded; laughed any one to scorn that believed in ghosts; professed a strong wish to sleep alone in a haunted house, and boasted of a perfect freedom from fear of anything uncanny. The Abbey was decidedly uncanny, and so my courage was put to the proof. Summoning every atom of it to the rescue, I poked into all the strange corners, lifted up the fragments of tattered tapestry with my parasol, and avowed my intention of exploring every nook and crevice of the building. Mr. Marchant and Emily did not feel inclined to go on, so Geoffrey and I went down the steps by ourselves. Here we found an old woman, sitting on a stone, who told us that there were workmen down beyond, who were taking out some books that had been found in an underground cellar. On this, we went through another hall, darker and gloomier than the rest, and at the end of it we came upon wheelbarrows of the oldest books I had ever seen; some in pieces, and all smelling dreadfully of mildew and damp. Just here, where the books were, there was a number of pillars, grouped together, and through the pillars I could see several dark passages, branching off apparently to different parts of the building.

"Delightful!" I exclaimed, turning to Geoffrey, who was looking over some of the books. "We will go and explore them instantly."

"Wait a little," he answered; "I want to see what I have got here. People often pick up most valuable things in this way."

"How tiresome you are!" answered I; "as if you couldn't do what I ask you without making a fuss about it. I have half a mind to go by myself," and I peered down one of the black passages.

Just then a flash of memory came to me. I saw myself a child—a child in a dark passage, standing at the foot of a short flight of stairs that led to a small room, in which I caught a hasty fearful glimpse of a Thing—a skeleton sitting on a chair. I seemed to see myself stand on the steps, and then, with a vague, overwhelming sense of terror, run screaming away. It must have been years and years before, and the picture had completely faded from my recollection; but now I remembered it distinctly, and on one thing I was determined—to go and see this secret chamber which had horrified me so as a child. A nameless fascination attracted me to it; a powerful, irresistible force impelled me to go where it was—I was, as it were, compelled to go. I gave one look at Geoffrey—who was so engrossed in a black-letter folio that he did not mind me—and plunged into the gloom and blackness of the passage. Here and there a loophole showed the way, and a tiny scrap of light fell upon the wall, stained with damp and mildew. Of one thing I had a nervous horror—of putting my foot on a dead rat, for I guessed that here they must abound; and so I stepped on quickly; if I had hesitated for a minute, my courage, like that of Mr. Bob Acres, would have oozed out of my finger-ends; and so my object would not have been accomplished.

I went on and on for ever so long, till at last I thought I must have passed the door; but after a while, by the dim light that came through one of the loopholes, I saw an iron door in the wall. That was the door: I knew it must be. There was a rusty key in the key-hole, and I stood holding it in my hand for nearly a minute before I dared open it. But I must go on now, when I was so near what I had come to see; so in desperation I turned the key, that gave a harsh, creaking sound that seemed to disturb the silence strangely—and with my face to the door, I set my foot on the first step, then on to the second, letting go the door as I did so; when, horror of horrors! it slammed to with a loud crash that reverberated through the passage. It was opened from the outside—there was no way of opening it from the interior of the room. I was shut in with the Thing. I was alone with it. All this time I had a vision of what was before me, and now, standing on the second step (there were only four or five in all), I saw it distinctly. It was sitting on a chair, beside a small, rusty fireplace, with its arm leaning on a table, and supporting what had once been its face; the bones gleamed white in the feeble light that came from a grated window overhead. I tried to scream, but my tongue was glued to my mouth; it seemed as if I might disturb the Thing; and well I knew that, so as I might, no one could possibly hear me through those massive walls: I must wait till they missed me. Meanwhile my eyes rested on the skeleton, till it was as if I was identified with him. I imagined him, centuries ago, for some crime, real or supposed, dragged to this out-of-the-way spot, with no spectators but the owls or the bats; carried along that grim, dark passage; led up those very steps I stood on. I seemed to see him chained to the wall with the rusty chain that still hung to it; and then, with a mere mockery of food—a loaf of bread and a cup of water—left by his murderers to his fate; hearing the iron door bang behind them, and listening to the clank of their arms as the sound died away down the sombre passage. Then, at first his despair, as he paced his narrow room, and looked at the thick walls and the high-grated window; and again, his hope reviving—hope that he might be released after a trial of what he could bear; hope that could not believe he was to be wasted away from life. Then his eking out his food by small and smaller portions till they grew to crumbs, and even the crumbs ravenously devoured; and then, when there were no more left, the sickening of hunger. What it was, I myself hardly knew, except that at odd times, when I was late for dinner or had staid out too long, I had something of the gnawing—the

desperate desire for any food; that was the beginning of what he had known too well. The sun looked down, the blue sky peered at him as he sat in that chair, forced, without an effort, to wait, wait, wait, till the fierce gnawing grew fainter, and he was left at last to die; and there, as testimony of the foul deed, he left the body—his fellow-sufferer—and his legacy. The flesh wasted from the bones; the sun bleached them; the winter winds rattled through them. There they were still—a Presence, a something that was, and yet was not a Thing.

The time since I had been in this secret chamber seemed an eternity. I had a watch, but I dared not move my arm to get it out: I was as though paralyzed; an iron force held me down and forbade me to move hand or foot. I made another attempt to scream, but the feeble, muffled sound startled me so much that I dared not try it again; and the length of the passage, and the thickness of the walls, would have prevented any one from hearing me. Perhaps they might not come for me; perhaps they might not find out where I was. The story of Geneva came into my mind with a dull, stupid kind of intensity; but I was not moved much by any thought of myself, or what might be my possible fate: the Thing before me was what riveted my attention, and kept me bound by an irresistible, horrible fascination.

Was it getting dusk? The light seemed fading; and hark! was not that a rustling somewhere, now feeble, now strong and stronger? Were those loathsome rats coming out of their holes? I almost felt them running over my feet, and heard the bones of my companion rattle as they ran past him. I moved slightly, but my eyes were on him still; and as I looked my heart seemed to stop beating—could it be that he moved also? The hand that supported his head was lower than before. Were the ghost stories really true, and was he going to get up and pace the floor, which, most probably, he had paced so often before? Panic-stricken, I tried to pray: a confused jumble of home, and green fields, and Geoffrey, and heaven, and dying, rose before me; I hid my face with my hands, but it was not for long; look again I must. Yes, there was the Thing; it seemed to be rising—slowly, slowly rising; the bones rattled, and I felt that it was coming nearer, nearer, even nearer. It was close beside me—when the iron door was suddenly burst open, and there was a flash of light, a confusion of voices—"Lucy! my darling!" "Thank God! we have found her!" "How ever did the young lady find this out?" "My goodness, how she does look!" "I heard no more; the last thing my eyes fell upon was the skeleton, seated as before, and then all was dark."

I was ill for weeks afterward, and it was some time before I quite recovered; and often now, when I am sitting in the dark, and raise my eyes suddenly, I see the terrible, mysterious Thing, seated by the table beside the rusty grate, its hand of bone raised to its head of bone, white, ghastly, and hideous.

THE INVESTMENT OF PARIS:

THE BIVOUAC OF THE LIVING AND BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD—GERMAN SOLDIERS IN A FRENCH SALON—BALLOON ASCENDING IN PARIS.

AFTER the late battle at Champigny, France, the hill overlooking that village and Villiers presented a spectacle of the utmost gloom. The crest was covered with straw, from which soldiers were taking armfuls to line round rifle-pits they had dug in the field, some half-dozen yards apart. In each hole nestled six or eight soldiers, for warmth, their bodies buried, their faces and bayonets gleaming over the brink of their shooting graves. The electric light of Fort Nogent glared over the scene, lighting alike the unburied dead and the buried quick.

The necessities of war have converted many a charming residence, where youth and beauty sought pleasure in strains of music and the crowded social salon, into barracks for rough and unappreciative soldiers. The party of German troops, having had quarters assigned them in a cheerful little house near Paris, are evidently determined to enjoy themselves "according to the dictates of their own conscience." The Cognac and coffee are mixed carefully; the chess-board offers amusement for a second couple; the gun requires cleaning for further service; the fire, smoldering, invites more fuel; and study gives occupation to the remainder of the party. In place of choice pictures, military accoutrements cast unpleasant shadows on the wall. With all the disorder, Love stands by the dial on the mantelpiece, suggesting thoughts of home and scenes of happiness.

The balloon service of Paris has been a truly remarkable feature of the siege. The trips from the capital to Tours and back were arranged as regularly as the wind would permit. Owing to the great demands of the Government officials for war documents, the aeronauts would accept only the smallest packages from private individuals. The excursions from Paris were made during the night-time in order to escape an assault from the guns of the enemy, and generally attracted a large party of soldiers, women and children.

THE CROSS OF ST. JOHN: PRUS-
SIAN SANITARY SYSTEM.

AS IN our late war, the German Sanitary Corps that are operating with the contending armies in France are of immense service to the sick and wounded of both nations, and greatly facilitate the delicate duties of the surgeons. Our engraving represents one of the many scenes that occurred in the course of the memorable retreat of the French Army of the Loire, during which General Chanzy's army,

though generally defeated, still fought on most gallantly. The ambulance station is designated by the white flag and red cross of St. John; to which the wounded are being conveyed. As in turn the wounds of the French and German soldiers receive impartial attention, large wagons, plentifully supplied with straw, take the wounded men to the rear for more careful treatment. A shell is bursting close by the flag-staff, which must have been directed by mistake, as such signals are regarded, with a natural instinct, as sacred from assault.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE net prophet—Peter.

FOOT-PADS—Bunion plasters.

THE tailor's drug—Chlo-reform.

MISERABLE cripple—A lame pun.

THE poor man's story—The garret.

A COMIC vegetable—A hearty-joke.

A GOAT is a good milker, but a much better butter.

THE most popular religion—You and I tarsans.

THE most heartless conundrum—Riddling with cannon-shot.

FARMING ON SHARES.—The most productive share is the plow-share.

SIR TOBY BELCH defines love as "Friendship with a stick in it."

THE champions of "Woman's Rights" are generally "Man's lefts."

WHY must a line drawn by a pen always be on a slope? Because it's always an ink-line.

POOR France—The Prussians, not satisfied with Alsace and Lorraine, have got to have her (Havre).

WHY does the minister have more wives than any one else? Because he often marries a couple at a time.

"WHAT is home without a mother?" as the young lady said when she sent the old lady to chop wood.

YES, there could be no doubt of it! It could not be concealed. The law must take its course. She had smothered—a rabbit in onions!

"JIM, what makes your cats keep up such a cursed mewing all night?" "Don't know, Bill; I suppose, though, it's on account of their mew-cuss membrane."

"My hands are so dreadfully chapped, dear Mr. Cream Cheese?" "Dear Miss Petticoes, they'll be chapped and worse, if you go to the Rink much oftener!"

A STORY is told of a railway station agent in New Hampshire, who, on being reprimanded for allowing a car to be so heavily loaded that it broke down, replied: "Mr. G., what do you expect a man to know for twenty dollars per month?"

A NEAR-SIGHTED man in Peoria got on his knees, and proposed to his intended father-in-law, who in his wife's apron was peeling potatoes. He asked for a quick decision "before the old folks came in." He then left, in advance of a butcher-knife.

If Miss Garrett is at any future time elected to the Chair of the Education Board, her official position will be recognized by the title of "Chairwoman" (as "Charwoman" pronounced), in which capacity she will employ, let us hope, the newest brooms.

In Switzerland, a milkmaid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music cows "give down" better and give more milk. An Orange County farmer is trying to hire Perepa-Rosa and Kellogg to sing round his pump.

THE deafest deafness which has been reported is that of an old lady living across the street from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. On the recent occasion of a salute of twenty-one guns the old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

FEMALE PLEASANTRIES.

"I heard it!"

"Who told you?"

"Her friend." (i)

"You don't say?"

"Tis dreadful!"

"Yes, awful!"

"Don't tell it, I pray!"

"Good gracious!"

"Who'd think it?"

"Well! well! well!"

"Dear me!"

"I've had my suspicions!"

"And I, too, you see?"

"Lord help us!"

"Poor creature!"

"So awful!"

"So sly!"

"No beauty!"

"Quite thirty!"

"Between you and I!"

"I'm going!"

"Do stay, love?"

"I can't!"

"I'm forlorn!"

"Farewell, dear!"

"Good-by, sweet!"

"I'm glad she's gone!"

At a recent examination the question was put to class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am; because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

To every three squares of residences in Louisville there is a cur, and each dog is expected to get his pound of flesh from a letter-carrier. If he don't get it from the leg of the L. C., he generally makes it off somebody who passes at night. Dogs flourish in Louisville, but it's discouraging to letter-carriers.

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterward Lord Chief-Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling?" said Toler; "only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here's a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

WANT OF TACT.—Arguing with an opponent who is lame, and assuring him that he has not a leg to stand on. Telling a man with only one eye (in an insinuating way) that you would like to get on his blind side. Urging a friend who stammers not to hesitate to express his opinion. Declaring to the possessor of a false set that you mean to do it in spite of his teeth. Informing an acquaintance, who never has his glass out of his eye, that you consider he takes a very short-sighted view of things. Telling a man who squints that you are sorry you cannot see the matter as he sees it.

RUPTURE IS NOW CURABLE.

This fearful affliction is at last made subservient to man. To become ruptured, and to have to saddle on a truss, was a damper on any one's future prospects, and an incessant burden to the mind. A strap truss, or a half hoop truss, a strong truss, or a weak truss, a radical cure truss, or a radical life truss, was one and the same in effect, all doing more or less injury, all more or less burdensome and unsatisfactory.

This was the sad experience of ruptured persons until Dr. Sherman, of 697 Broadway, N. Y., invented his Hernial Appliance and Compound, the use of which, it is said, cures the most obstinate cases of rupture.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

I HAVE a Grover & Baker Elastic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine which has been in constant use for eleven years. It has done every variety of sewing for a large family, besides some sewing outside. It has not cost me one cent for repairs during that period of time. I think it decidedly the best machine in use.

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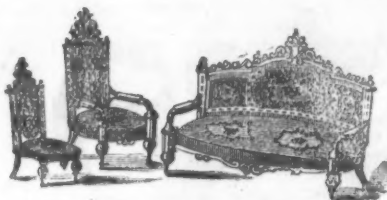
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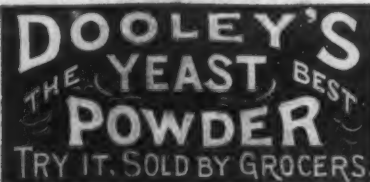
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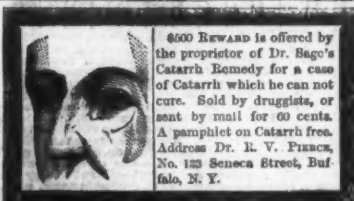
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